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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

JULY 1951

THE PERSIAN SITUATION

THE sudden flare-up of a crisis situation in Persia is a justification for the attitude of this country in advising caution in the Far East and the avoidance as far as possible of open war with China. The possibility of trouble with Russia on any point of the long land frontier dividing the free world from the Iron Curtain countries should always be present in the minds of statesmen and military leaders of the West. Russia has in the past been known to shift her pressure from one sphere to another according to where resistance is thought to be less and the prospects of an advance of Communism greatest. Yet it would be quite wrong to assume that events in Persia over the last two months have been caused by Russia. If there is one thing more certain than anything else, it is that the forces in control in Teheran now are extreme nationalist and as much anti-Russian as anti-British. Naturally, of course, Russia and her agents in Persia, the Tudeh Party, are profiting by the fact that the drive is just now against Great Britain. But the Russians are not likely to forget that four years ago a drive took place against them, when the Persian Mejliss, under the leadership of Qavam-es-Sultaneh, refused to ratify the Russo-Persian oil agreement. Russian efforts will be directed towards getting this nationalist drive bogged down so as to prepare the way for the Persian Communists.

What is the background out of which the present Persian crisis has developed? For centuries Persia has been ruled despotically by a series of constantly changing dynasties of Shahs. When these dynasties became weak, power tended to slip into the hands of the great territorial magnates, who themselves became local Shahs. Then some new ruler arose, often out of the mountain tribes on the periphery of the Persian plateau. A new dynasty was founded, which ruled efficiently, became effete and made way for another. Early in this century a movement arose among the rising merchant class of the towns, supported by some religious leaders, which under the influence of European ideas demanded a Constitution and parliamentary government. They were supported by the Bakhtiari tribe in the south, and they successfully drove the tyrannical Mahomet Ali Shah from the throne and set up a Constitution. Russia's intervention and the coming of the first world war complicated matters, and later the October Revolution removed Russia from the picture altogether. An attempt by Lord Curzon, then British Foreign Secretary, to impose a British Protectorate over Persia was met, as has so often happened in Persian history before, by an uprising of the people at the eleventh hour, and a new dynasty was founded by a colonel of the Cossack Brigade, in the Caspian provinces, who, as Shah Riza, made himself autocrat. Then began an era of violent reforms from above, the Shah taking Kemal Ataturk, the founder of modern Turkey, as his hero. But Shah Riza had a harder

task than the Ataturk and more difficult material to mould. Nevertheless, Persia now faces the modern world, having taken a series of measures which have been imposed from above, but have been made possible by a rising sense among the people of the need to be free from foreign domination. Thus the one thing that stands out as characteristic of this ancient and proud people, the oldest kingdom in the world except China, is that they always show in times of desperate crisis a will to live.

As yet, however, they have not shown any capacity to create conditions for a decent life for their people. No Persian Government has succeeded or even tried to curb the parasitic class of landlords and merchants, to abolish corruption and raise the economic status of the peasants, who number $12\frac{1}{2}$ million out of the 15 million of the population. On the contrary, conditions in this respect are probably worse now than they have ever been. The Constitution and parliamentary system, extracted from a despotic Shah, has in no way improved the conditions of the masses of the people. Instead of a Shah filling his pockets with the public revenues, this is now done by hundreds of provincial grand seigneurs and merchant princes. A new race of many Bourbons has replaced one Bourbon. Manhood suffrage also among the population, of which only 5 per cent. are literate, has created a condition not unlike that of England in the eighteenth century, with pocket boroughs and masses of illiterate peasants, taken in cars to vote for the continuation of the existing social system.

But there are also other factors in Persia to-day. The growth of a certain amount of modern industry, started by the late Shah Riza, has created a small but literate middle class and "intelligentsia." There are now in all Persian towns teachers, bank clerks, editors, journalists, lawyers, managers of small businesses and civil servants. They are thoroughly disgruntled with the Bourbons. In the absence of any hope some of them tend to drift into support of Communism. They have little will to act, and much of their energy peters out in talk. Thus the initiative rests with the Bourbons, and the latter, scenting the danger of a reform movement from below, have started an anti-foreign movement from above, thereby diverting the attention of the masses from the real cause of poverty at home.

The alternatives facing Persia to-day are either to find Persians capable of putting through reforms by Western methods, retaining freedom of speech and an independent judiciary, or else coming under the domination of Russian Communism. For a short while last year it looked as if a Western type of reformer had been found. The young Shah, who clearly sees the problem facing his country, appointed a competent military man, General Razmarra, as Prime Minister. The General got to work at once to implement the first stages of the so-called seven-year plan, the basis of which had been laid down in the report of a firm of American experts, Overseas Consultants Incorporated. This plan involved the investment of money in schemes of industrial and agricultural development, public works (especially irrigation and hydro-electric plants), the improvement of transport, the setting up of health centres, anti-malarial measures, the founding of technical colleges,

and a general reform of the budget which would make some attempt to eliminate corruption. The basis of the finance of the plan was to be a new agreement with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, which was to provide increased royalties amounting to £23 million per annum and a one-time payment of £26 million. This would have covered about 30 per cent. of the whole budget revenues, and was to be followed up by fiscal reforms at home which would have involved the owners of landed property in the payment of direct taxes which hitherto they had succeeded in entirely escaping. This was the situation early in the New Year. The Shah and his Government favoured reforms by Western methods and with Western assistance. As an earnest of his sincerity the Shah made over the whole of his private forests in the Caspian provinces to the State and a large part of his agricultural property to the ownership of the peasants on easy terms. Everything was set for full speed ahead. But the Constitution had to be observed. The Shah did not wish to act as dictator, like his father. So the seven-year plan scheme and the new agreement with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company had to receive the sanction of the Mejliss. And in this "democratic" parliament the plan received its *coup de grâce*. The foreign expert who had been called in to prepare the plans, to work out and supervise the schemes, was dismissed early in the New Year and a general halt was called to all reforms. For in the Mejliss the Bourbons were entrenched, and they had to block the plan at all costs, for reforms would mean the beginning of the end of their economic stranglehold on Persia. What better idea then than to induce the public to believe that the plan was a devilish scheme to hand Persia over to the foreigner! What could be better than to divert attention from the real cause of Persia's backwardness and the low standard of life of her people than to make the oil company responsible for all Persia's ills! These vested interests were also assisted by a new party in the Mejliss which came into prominence in the recent elections, and won eight out of the nine seats in Teheran, the most politically conscious part of the country. This party, led by one of the richest landowners in Persia and by a fanatical Mullah, has attracted to it young intellectuals and students. It began at this time to dominate the Mejliss and sway large bodies of opinion in the bazaars of the big towns. In the background, also, there stood a fanatical religious sect, the "Fidei Islam," which, drawing its inspiration from the frustrated emotions characteristic of the Shiah sect of Islam, has set out, working in the dark alleys of the bazaar towns, to cleanse Persia of "traitors" who were selling out to the foreigner. The result of this situation, which reached its climax in February of this year, was that Prime Minister Razmarra was laid low at the hand of an assassin. After some weeks of an interim Government the Shah, apparently helpless before the storm, handed over power to M. Mossadic, the leader of the extreme National Front Party. And behind still stands the "Fidei Islam," ready to turn the revolver or the assassin's dagger on anyone who wavers.

The venom of the new authority to-day is directed against the one great successful industrial concern in the country, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. It must be admitted, of course, that the company is in

an extraordinarily vulnerable position. It owns the principal mineral wealth of Persia, namely, its oil, which it extracts and distils in the largest and most modern refinery in the world, at Abadan on the Persian Gulf. The greater part of this oil is exported to world markets, and the concession on which the company has acquired its rights was made in 1933, and runs for sixty years. One cannot avoid the conclusion that the existence of such a concern, beneficial as it is to Persia in so many ways, is nevertheless in itself an affront to the pride of the average Persian, and particularly to the fanatical nationalists and religious sects that now directly and indirectly dominate the Government and the Mejliss. Moreover the very success of the company in its record of social welfare schemes and the treatment of its employees only arouses the appetite and engenders discontent among the workers. The fact is that the exploited workers of a Persian textile factory in Isfahan, working for low wages, and making possible high profits for their Persian employers, are more resigned to their fate than the oil workers of Abadan, whose conditions are equal to those of European workers. These facts, moreover, have been brought out by the International Labour Office as the result of an inquiry which was recently held. These oil workers get better wages than anyone else in Persia, are housed with their families in comfortable modern dwellings built by the company, their children can go to company schools, while they can get technical training at the expense of the company, so that they can rise to become foremen or higher technicians. Yet they are more discontented than the Isfahan textile-workers, because their critical faculties have been aroused by a better standard of life.

We have, then, to face the fact that Persia, like many other countries of the Middle East, is being swept by a wave of emotional nationalism, which would rather see the Abadan oil refinery go up in smoke so long as the spirit of Persian "independence" broods over the ruins. For generations the Moslem people of this part of Asia have lived under the domination of foreigners; the Arabs under the Turks, the Egyptians under the British, while Persia has lived for generations under constant threat of foreign intervention. These countries want to run their own affairs, even if their state of society is still so primitive that they cannot work a modern State without foreign help. Many intelligent Persians realise this, and would like to compromise on the basis that Persian oil is nationalised and an agreement is come to with the company on the refining and sale of the end products; but the fear of the assassin lurking in the back street forces them to shout with the rest of the mob. We are faced, then, with an unreasoning mass of human beings who think they have come into their own, as they have every right to do, but are prepared to wreck anything, even that which tries to assist them, especially if there is about it an element of patronage. Unfortunately the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company answers to this description. It forms the sheet-anchor of Persian finance, it also plays an important role in world economy, and especially in the economy of the sterling area; but its benevolent efficiency is an affront to the narrow mind of the Persian nationalist.

If the Persian nationalists continue in power, there can be no doubt

that the reforms aimed at making Persia a modern State and raising the standard of life of her peasants will be shelved, because one of the influences behind this movement are the very people who want to block all reforms. This means that unless the Western Powers can find friends in Persia whom they can back morally, diplomatically and financially, and who can take over the reins of office, power will fall into the lap of the Communists. It is not for nothing that Russia has been so quiet over the Middle East. She has no need to force the issue, for everything is going her way.

Can such Persians who desire development on Western lines be found? They are certainly to be found, but I know of none who has the courage to stand up to the assassins of the religious fanatics. At the moment the defences of the Western world against Communism in the Middle East seem to be crumbling. We must press on, trying to find the right men, but always be ready to withdraw to those bastions of defence in the Mediterranean on which we can rely. The centre of this bastion is the Republic of Turkey, the strongest State socially and militarily in the Middle East, and the most reliable from the point of view of the Western world. The Turks want to be included in the Atlantic defence scheme, and will hear of no compromise. They do not trust any of their Eastern neighbours, and want to share their burden with the West. It is our task to induce them to form the centre of the defence system of the Eastern Mediterranean, and to cover this with a triangular defence alliance between Turkey, Britain and America, to which, of, course should be added Greece. Meanwhile we can only wait on events in Persia and hope.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

THE AMERICAN DEBATE

IT is probable that few people, in the United States or abroad, agree with Secretary of State Acheson's expressed opinion that the debate between General MacArthur and the Administration is a beneficial one and that, whatever its outcome, it will result in the strengthening of the American nation. This view appears rather optimistic to the many who see to-day a deep cleavage in American public opinion, who witness the rousing of passions, who worry because of the emotionalism and hysteria in which the rational faculties of many citizens seem to be drowning. Clarity of purpose is indispensable for the successful overcoming of crises. England would not have been able to engage in active warfare for twenty-two years against Jacobin and Napoleonic France if the politically conscious groups of the British nation had not been aware of what was at stake, if they had not had a clear idea of what they wanted, and had not been inspired by a deep belief in the righteousness of their cause. Nor, more recently, would the British have been able to stand for years the savage pounding of the Nazi air force and conditions of near-starvation if they had not seen clearly the problem with which they were faced and the course open to them. It is all to the good that Americans have become more aware of the problem with which their nation is faced. From this point of view the situation in the United States is considerably better than it was in the British Commonwealth

twelve or thirteen years ago, when only a few realised the threat implicit in the growth of German National Socialism and Japanese nationalism. Ignorance played its part in creating the conditions favourable to the launching of the second world war—as it had done in precipitating the first world war, started by leaders and groups who did not know what they were doing. The American public had been rather slow to realise the nature of to-day's main problem. We call it Communism, but it is less the puerile ideology than the Communist movement, the fanaticism with which it is at present imbued and which, for the time being, makes impossible any kind of compromise or discussion. Santayana says that fanaticism breeds tyranny; fanatical Communism breeds tyranny, and as long as the American nation cherishes its values of liberty it will find it impossible to live at peace with the nations ruled by Communists.

From time to time mankind acts like a volcano; eruptions assume the form of outbursts of violent passion. The outbursts are related to what is regarded as the greatest importance at a certain time. It used to be religion, when man felt a spiritual need for an explanation of the mysterious universe. Christianity, Islam, Hinduism and Buddhism could preach charity, love, forgiveness and numberless other splendid virtues; but as long as they felt their religion deeply, and were strong, Christians, Mohammedans and Hindus tortured and killed non-Christians, non-Mohammedans and non-Hindus. Enough maturity has been achieved by most of mankind to face without excessive fear and panic the problems of life and death, of our infinite smallness in the infinite magnitude which surrounds us. The passion which we used to put into theological belief we now put into a secular, practical, down-to-earth belief concerning political or economic institutions. The day will come when the eruptions of to-day will be judged as infantile as the eruptions which at times led Christians to kill non-Christians and to attack each other savagely. Our descendants will find ludicrous the idea that nationalism, collectivism and Communism have been deemed so important as to induce our generation to engage in the biggest holocausts in history. However unfortunate, the eruptions are here, with us, and in order not to be destroyed we must deal with them.

We shall never know if Communism is avoidable or not. It is, in a way, the child of the modern West, and for the time being we shall not be able to eliminate it unless we want to eliminate ourselves. This is one reason why the conflict is likely to be a long one. The modern West, born in England at the end of the seventeenth century, tried to free man from the bondage of despotism over body and from the bondage of dogmatism over mind. The struggle for liberty initiated in Great Britain, continued in France and in what later became the United States, pursued later in every corner of the globe, caused a landslide of terrific proportions. Old-established beliefs and institutions—the result of the tyranny of custom and of rigidly enforced conformism—crumbled and fell to pieces; the narrow walls within which man had tried to live secure and sheltered also crumbled and fell to pieces. The impact of the liberal West has been felt during the last two hundred

years in every part of the world, so much that in the eyes of many Western civilisation for a while became synonymous with modern civilisation. For good or bad it is the West which ended stagnation, despotism and obscurantism, in the world of Islam as in the Far East, among the servile crowds of Russia and among the teeming millions of India, besides shaking all tribal societies to their deepest foundations.

To gain liberty for oneself or to bring it to others is, however, a different proposition from the effort required to remain free. The struggle for freedom needs courage and determination. Only if a high level of individual and collective maturity has been achieved is it possible for a nation to remain free: the maturity required for being firm without being aggressive, determined without being fanatical, tolerant towards others and moderate in one's own aspirations, uncompromising in defeat and magnanimous in victory. Liberty means that arbitrary violence will not be used, that problems will be discussed, that no problem will be solved in such a way as to lead to the "liquidation" of those who do not like the solution.

When the landslide happened, first in the backward areas of Europe and of the Americas, then in Asia and now in Africa, human beings became aware of what had not been in their consciousness before: how tragic and miserable their lives were. Until awakened by the liberals, the Spaniard and the Latin-American had accepted an authority which told them that suffering is commendable and must be accepted as part of the human lot on earth; the Russian had kissed the whip which flogged him; the Moslem, the Hindu, the Buddhist had forgotten in super-terrestrial ecstasy the abject misery and filth in which they lived. The West brought freedom of expression and told people to think for themselves, to act of their own volition in order to make their earthly journey more endurable. The majority of the freed peoples (from the Germans to the Argentinians and the Chinese) had not reached the level which would have enabled them to accept the unavoidable restrictions imposed by democratic procedure. They were impatient. Liberty meant not the rule of law but the immediate achievement of aspirations which could not be realised in a short time. From the suffering exposed by the liberal West and from impatience were born those "isms" which have plagued mankind during the last few generations: nationalism, collectivism and the combination of the two, Fascism and Communism. These modern "isms" have nothing in common with traditional despotism, but the liberal West must fight them as it fought traditional despotism, because, unless they are checked, mankind will go back to where it was before the West's liberal revolution began.

Whatever the causes of the Communist movement, we know that man's dissatisfaction is focused at the middle of the twentieth century mainly in Communism; the more peoples and nations are freed from traditional despotisms, the greater the number of individuals who will see in Communism the realisation of that wonderful mirage which is Paradise on earth. This is the problem for our generation, and probably for the next. So long as we believe in the fundamental values of the contemporary West, we must go on freeing individuals and peoples

from political and intellectual bondage ; the freed individuals and peoples will then become aware of the many evils—abject poverty, ignorance, disease, exploitation, starvation—under which they labour. Where a high level of maturity has been achieved—as in the case of the Westernised educated minority in India—the effort will be made to abolish evil within the framework of democratic procedure ; where childishness prevails—and childishness can characterise those who have been to school as much as or even more than those who have never learned to read or write—radical Utopianism of either the Communist or the Fascist variety will flourish. One day the human landslide will end ; until then the liberal West will be compelled to engage in a hard struggle to save itself.

Americans may or may not be aware of the historical causes which make of contemporary Communism the huge force it is ; they are, however, growing more and more aware of the magnitude of the movement and of the need for coping with it. Four policies have been put forward, each of them presenting advantages and disadvantages. The “great” debate and the numerous smaller debates connected with it aim at finding what solution can be given to the problem of the relationships between democracy and Communism, what policy should be pursued by the American nation. Whatever the policy chosen, it will affect deeply the lives of every American citizen : it is little wonder that the debate is a heated one. Only a small section of the American people to-day favours a policy of appeasement. It had been advocated by the Progressive Party, the defeat of which in 1948 was a clear indication that appeasers were not numerous. If Henry Wallace had received the ten million votes he was hoping for, the large vote would have been interpreted by the Communist leaders as a green light for the realisation of their own aspirations, just as British appeasement thirteen years ago was interpreted as a green light by the Nazis and their friends.

American appeasers ignore two fundamental facts. In the first place, Communism as it is to-day totally rejects the concept of equality between Communism and non-Communism. A Communist is incapable of conceiving the moral equality which is basic in the democratic experiment of the West ; the equality of human beings as such, whatever their status, their position, or their function, whether rich or poor, educated or uneducated, believers or unbelievers, conservatives or radicals. For the Communist, the non-Communist is either a fool or a knave : if he is a fool, he must be led—by the enlightened minority of party members—if a knave, he must be destroyed. Democracy implies the right to heresy ; it demands only that heretics accept a certain procedure ; for the Communist, heresy is inconceivable. The modern Communist can no more accept democracy’s political tolerance than a Christian of the fourth century could accept Rome’s religious tolerance.

In the second place, Communism—from the angle of the Communist eye—is winning. It did not exist fifty years ago except in the minds of a few thousand German-trained Russian fanatics ; to-day it has the enthusiastic support of probably as many as 20 million bigoted believers,

and it controls the lives, actions and thoughts of 750 million human beings—more than one-third of mankind. After such a rapid and astounding success, it would be absurd for the Communists to limit their ambitions and to accept sincerely a *modus vivendi* with the non-Communist world. Only the realisation that final victory is impossible may one day induce them to think in terms of how to get along with non-Communists. But this is not for to-day.

The spirit animating Mr. Hoover and the other advocates of a policy of retrenchment is undoubtedly very different from the spirit which animated Mr. Wallace and his followers two years ago. Retrenchment, however, would lead to the same results as appeasement, i.e. to the strengthening of the Communist hold over most of the eastern hemisphere. Retrenchers want to hold the outposts—without considering that the inhabitants of the outposts may not like the function of first line of defence Mr. Hoover would like them to fulfil. Iceland, Great Britain and the islands off the western coast of Africa; Japan, the Philippines, Australia, off the eastern and south-eastern coast of Asia: this should be held. The rest should be allowed to go. Retrenchers assume that there would be, without American support, some native resistance in the eastern hemisphere against Communist expansion. The disproportion of forces is such that resistance would be futile. The Communist empire has 750 million obedient subjects who produce goods and services for a total of about 120 billion dollars. The next strongest State is the French Union with 100 million inhabitants and a gross income of about 30 billion dollars only. Of course a coalition of the French Union and the other States of continental Europe, plus the independent States of continental Asia, could represent a serious obstacle to Communist expansion. But whoever knows something of European and Asiatic nations knows also that even a defensive alliance among all, or most, of them is out of the question. The policy of retrenchment means that in about twenty years the 500 million inhabitants of the western hemisphere and of the island outposts would face the pressure of three times their numbers solidly organised and ably directed by their Communist minority. The situation would be considerably more serious than it is at present.

Led by General MacArthur and (apparently) by Senator Taft, the advocates of an all-out offensive policy want to put an end to the present tension and turmoil by making at once a greater military effort and achieving a resounding victory in the area in which the cold war has become hot. Their impatience is understandable: it is not pleasant to think in terms of continuous international tension year in and year out, of a conflict which may be cold, hot or simmering, but still remains there. The all-outers have a tendency to underestimate the magnitude and the present strength of the Communist movement. Fifty years ago—when General MacArthur was at West Point—it was enough for a few thousand European troops to put an end to the Boxer rebellion, but then the Chinese masses had not yet fully wakened from a sleep which had lasted a thousand years. Now they are awake; Chinese Communism is, as German Nazism was, a combination of rabid nationalism and socialistic aspirations; it is

fanatical and violent. In case of all-out war an American victory would be a foregone conclusion, but it would not be the easy and quick operation envisaged by the former Chief of Staff of the American Army.

Japan had excellent troops. The Japanese Government tried hard to achieve control of China. The war lasted, with interruptions, fourteen years; at the end China was bleeding and shaky, but the Japanese had not conquered. Whoever is acquainted with the Communist movement could tell the advocates of an all-out war that the Soviet Union would give all necessary help to China to keep on fighting the United States. China would not need Russian soldiers, but Russia could provide excellent officers and all kinds of weapons. If all-outers think in terms of sending 200 American divisions to the Asiatic mainland, of again putting 12 million men in uniform and of transforming their economy for war production, then they have a clear vision of the situation and of the problems involved. They do not render a service to the American public when they talk glibly of a brief and limited major war.

Considerably more realistic is the position of those who advocate what may be called the policy of containment. If it is correct that, contrary to what appeasers maintain, a sincere compromise with Communism is out of the question; if it is correct that, contrary to what all-outers maintain, a war with China would not be a limited and easy military operation; if it is correct that, contrary to what retrenchers maintain, American withdrawal would lead to further Communist expansion and to a very dangerous situation in a few years, what remains? The word containment is the one which best designates the policy of the Administration; there was a time when it would have been called a "Fabian" policy. Messrs. Wallace, Hoover and MacArthur agree in saying that they do not understand the policies of the Administration. Nevertheless, it is entirely possible to distinguish the main lines along which American official policy has developed during the last four years: the continued, and most difficult, efforts being made to prevent a further expansion of Communism while at the same time avoiding a major clash with the Communist empire. The Truman doctrine, the Marshall Plan, E.C.A. and all its subsidiary organisations, the North Atlantic Treaty, the help to the French in Indo-China, the limited support given to the Kuomintang in its last stronghold, the sudden decision to fight in Korea—all this is part of the policy of containment. A great deal of ability, a broad vision of all problems involved and great strength of character are required to carry on a policy of "Fabianism" successfully; it is necessary to avoid both the temptation of giving up and of rushing into attack. Neither this Administration nor any other can hope to bring its policy to a successful conclusion unless it has the intelligent support of the American public. It is necessary for Americans to make up their minds: appeasers, retrenchers, all-outers and "Fabians" have all spoken. Whatever the choice, Americans are realising that there is no easy way out from the present situation. Beyond that there is little which is certain.

MAX SALVADORI.

Northampton, Massachusetts.

TOWARDS THE WORLD STATE

A GREAT deal, if not all, of the present dangers and anxieties of humanity is due to the dwindling courtesy of manners ; itself a consequence of the harsh and arrogant behaviour of all dictatorships, of the absolute corruption by absolute power, the urge to conceal guilt and inferiority feelings by intransigent dogmatism. If statesmen and politicians, authors and orators could bring themselves to presume that the other side sincerely believes in what it presents as its arguments—the basis of all parliamentarianism and diplomacy of the past—much would be gained : even though it were done with a mental reservation ! We might then be able to negotiate, e.g. with the Kremlin, not merely as if its one and only aim was world conquest for an oligarchy bent upon transforming humanity into a soulless, materialist anthep, but as with the rather doctrinaire engineers of a colossal social experiment, afraid of being eliminated, or at least interfered with, by unbelievers at a stage when their work is unfinished and therefore unproved. We might improve upon the as yet haphazard and vacillating attempt at uniting the other camp, the nations believing in individualism and, largely, in the free play of economic forces, instead of seeing that imperative development—stimulated as it is by the rise of that adverse ideology and the menace of its material power—hampered by national ambitions, traditions and the inertia of rusty, age-old contrasts. We might try to find, at least within that as yet loose-knit defence-front, the elements of our conformity instead of trying to impose upon each other the cloak of our own predilection, our supposed requirements, as the best protection for all.

It may be Europeanism, if we start from the geographical angle, Socialist Democracy, if from the social one, Christianity, if the ethical viewpoint predominates, Atlantic unity, under the strategical angle. Each of them has its justification ; each lacks somehow the unity of purpose and therefore the overwhelming strength of a totalitarian concentration of all the building materials which constitute a power *bloc*. Any one of them, however, can be made to do for our essential purpose : defence of our way of life, our hard-won liberties, our scale of fundamental values—if we accept it, submit to it, surrender to it such national sovereignties as, in the elemental struggle that goes on in fact, have largely become fictitious already and would be utterly lost were we to lose that fight. In more or less instinctive, unreasoning upholding and defending such anachronistic claims rooted in an extinct, totally different allotment of our globe, in preserving such distinctions based upon sizes, distances, economic structures, currencies, legal systems and so forth against the inevitable interference of an infinitely greater body in formation, we play the game of what unanimously we acknowledge as our common deadly foe.

The disparity of the members of that greater body, that federation, that common homeland of our soul, seems at present the main obstacle. It cannot be helped that by far the strongest of its members is also the youngest, the United States of America. But there is a consolation in the fact that it is the offspring of all the others, the older and smaller

ones. It cannot be helped that—to put it bluntly—who pays the piper calls the tune ; nor can it be helped that the focus of the other hemisphere differs from that under which we Europeans see the events and developments against which we have to make provisions. But it can be helped that, instead of resenting these given facts and trying to resist their ineluctable consequences, a certain balance within the nascent supranational body is created by the elimination of rivalries and jealousies between the European partners of the Western World. The Atlantic Federation excludes a European one, combined with or separate from the British Commonwealth, no more than the closer links between England, Scotland and Wales exclude their community with the other members of the Commonwealth. The distinction between the individual nations of Europe—which strove for a closer union ever since the end of World War I, and are now doing so in the Council of Europe—is a linguistic, traditional and sentimental one far more than a factual difference, compared with the uniting modern economic necessities and with their common danger advancing from the East, from Asia.

Courtesy of manners, however superficial, has helped in the past and would help again to form what was once called their “ Concert.” It would be brought about, well-nigh automatically, if the permanent bodies entrusted with safeguarding their relations with each other—parliaments, civil service and, above all, diplomats—were brought up to that logical new standard of loyalty which pledges them to the overriding authority in the first line : the European, the Atlantic, the Western Federation or Confederation, as the case may be. It would for instance, weaken enormously the case of a vital British cause were it presented differently abroad according to a specific Welsh, Scottish, Irish or English interest when the spokesmen or negotiators belonged alternately to one of these British tribes. Yet in fighting a vital struggle of Europe, the Atlantic Powers, the Western civilisation, we let the French, British, Italian, German or even the Danish or Luxembourg traditional or parochial interests, presented by men still pledged to these old, half-obsolete sectional loyalties, weigh heavily upon the real issue which concerns them in common. We all feel that instinctively, and individual statesmen or politicians, here and there, voice that feeling ; but so far nothing is done to overcome the greatest handicap of our common struggle. We just wait, with small hopes, for the most difficult part of the task of our era—the total giving up of our national sovereignties in favour of a greater statehood embracing half the world, and the creation of its consequent superstate organisation—somehow to complete itself, instead of drawing logical and feasible conclusions in practice of its requirements for to-day.

To comply with them there are many different ways. Without claiming possession of the philosophers’ stone, here is a sketchy list of the things that might be done :

(1) Create, in analogy with the military Supreme Command for the defence of the West, the most obvious Ministries for the conjunction and representation of its common interests : an economic and financial one with an overriding authority for the most efficient exploitation of all natural resources, haphazardly distributed by nature itself, and of all

financial, man-power and other resources available to the community of nations ; and above all a Foreign Office with its expert staff.

(2) Grant to every member of these (and possibly a few more) superior inter-State authorities, from their heads to the humblest employee, a new "nationality": that of the Federation, endowed with sundry privileges—the right ultimately to settle with whatever he or she possesses in any one of the member States, plus all the rights of the citizens of each one of them, for example, and, formally and solemnly, release them from all the habitual, sectional fealty obligations towards the single State from which they hail. The League of Nations failed to a large extent because the members of its executive were permanently squinting towards "their" governments for fear of black-marking themselves by a true, independent internationalism and suffering for it when their seven years' term expired.

(3) Pull down barriers between naturally conjoining member States, e.g. in form of customs, currency, transport, Schuman Plan and other specific unions, so as to minimise their individual interests and to strengthen the readiness to accept their representation in common, and to facilitate the balance within the whole federated body, the negotiations with the strongest—and the most heavily drawn upon—member or members of that body.

(4) Disregarding an abstract and since disproven slogan of the first world war directed against "secret" diplomacy (nothing is more detrimental for the calm and objective negotiating of agreements between nations than the daily oscillating mood of the masses and its repercussions via Press, wireless, etc.), create and develop a body of able diplomatic negotiators and experts, of completely mixed national origin but unified loyalty towards, training and instruction by, the new collective body, federation, confederation, etc., whose "nationality" is the only one they hold and would be a coveted privilege.

(5) Give up the petty rancours and touchiness *vis-à-vis* the one Power that made possible our survival as heirs and upholders of Western civilisation, the United States of America, and accept their leadership, whatever their youthful exuberance and sometimes crude strength might occasionally force us to swallow of our pride in old accomplishments and know-hows. They had to swallow their isolationist traditions as well, and they brought sacrifices for the rightly appreciated common cause such as none of us would have dared to ask, let alone to hope for, but a decade ago, and—let us be honest about it—none of us was ever prepared to bring, in proportion to our own means. Had we—any one of the Great Powers of Europe—possessed anything like that far-seeing and far-reaching sacrificial spirit, there would be no need for the present exertions. For there would have been no Hitler, no Mussolini, no Pearl Harbour, no Iron Curtain and no Bolshevik danger, and our differences would be settled by a slowly fortified League of Nations and a Court at The Hague.

A balance of power was the best the old statecraft, based upon the co-existence of half a dozen Great Powers among three score nations, was able to devise and to strive for. Unless we are resolved upon making

the World State in one go—and that means war, with the likely result of a world not worth shaping into a State any more—a new balance of power in accordance with a new, shrunken, interdependent world—is the best our and perhaps quite a few future generations might yet accomplish. But even that cannot be done without great courage, sacrifice and a good deal more realism than is shown so far by most of the nations whose survival is at stake.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH.

IMPRESSIONS OF TURKEY

WHEN I first went to Turkey in 1947 I was expecting to see a society in transition, with much of the romantic trimmings of the Ottoman Empire swept away, leaving an untidy mixture of the old and new. What I actually found was a new nation, utilising only the best influences of the past and welding them on to the new ideas of twentieth-century Turkey. My most abiding impression was that everywhere one can see the tremendous influence and prestige of the personality and ideals of one man, Kemal Ataturk. When a Turk speaks of the Gazi, the leader of the modern revolution, a new light seems to come into his eyes and a hush as though of holiness descends on the company. They know he was not a god; they are aware of the defects in his private life, the scandals and frequent harshness; yet they treat his memory with reverence. For he led them from defeat to victory, from despair to national pride, from a medieval incompetence to modern efficiency. Turkey, they insist, found her soul under the leadership of Ataturk. And so, in every café and restaurant, in almost every house throughout Turkey, there is sure to be a photograph or statue of Ataturk. The stern face of Grey Wolf seems to glower in defiance of the old Moslem veto on the artistic portrayal of the human form, as though triumphing over the reactionaries even in death. My work in Turkey lay in the educational field. I was able to see exactly how the young are not allowed to forget the founder of the new Turkey. School textbooks in history, for instance, are written on the comparative method, with constant references to present-day affairs, and even the very elementary books have pictures of Ataturk or the President of the Republic interspersed amongst accounts of the past. No foreigner is allowed to teach history in the schools.

The anniversary of the death of Ataturk is remembered with country-wide mourning, black bands being draped around his photograph; speeches are made outlining his career and lauding his achievements, and poems are declaimed in his honour. It is remarkable to note the extent which public reading of poetry, especially of the heroic type, still has in Turkish celebrations. I have seen many old campaigners shedding tears when they spoke of Kemal's deeds. To the undemonstrative Englishman this violent patriotism may seem fanatical, but one must remember that after the defeat of the first world war it was necessary for Ataturk to stir up his people to a new patriotism for a much smaller country and a smaller nation in order to carry out his

reforms. He, above all, knew that he must reorganise the educational system and that the basis of this new venture would have to be the teaching of a whole nation to read and write for the first time. This was facilitated by the adoption of the Latin script instead of the old Arabic script ; the latter had in the past given only the rich and priestly classes the opportunity of studying, for it took many years to become proficient in Arabic script.

It still cannot be said that everyone in Anatolia goes to school regularly. There is still a shortage of buildings and equipment in the remoter districts, and there is still a great demand for child labour on the land. But the vast majority do go to school, and the aim of the Government has always been universal compulsory education. There is a definite educational ladder by which any boy with the ambition and ability can climb from kindergarten to university. The Turkish boy attends the elementary school from the age of six to eleven. Then there is an examination for the junior school (*Orta Okulu*), and from there at the age of eleven he must pass into the secondary school, or *Lycée*. Uniforms are popular in Turkey : at the elementary school boys and girls wear black smocks, while at the *Lycée* they wear military peaked caps and subfusc suits. There are mixed junior schools, and in 1948 some mixed *Lycées* were established as an experiment. Remembering the very old custom of the seclusion of the sexes under the Sultans, these mixed schools are in themselves a sort of minor revolution. The modern Turk has no shyness or inhibitions in mixed societies to-day, and here again Ataturk's lead has been taken and followed to its logical conclusion. The *Lycée* curriculum is very comprehensive and includes among other subjects sociology, psychology, biology, and military subjects taught by an army officer ; and the average boy finds the course fairly hard going. There are two universities, one at Ankara and the other at Istanbul, and applications for places are usually filled many sessions in advance, since all boys see the university as the gateway to the professions and a decent livelihood. The old acceptance of poverty as the will of Fate is no longer accepted, so there is a great desire amongst youth to improve their positions socially and financially.

An interesting recent experiment was the introduction of trade schools, where plumbing, metalwork, carpentry and other trades are taught. The *Sanat Okullari*, situated near the famous St. Sofia, already has a wide reputation. Then in 1945 schools called *Egitim Enstituleri* were set up in country districts ; these provide a five-year course in agricultural subjects. Also, schools where girls are taught domestic science were established. These schools are often self-supporting, growing their own produce and providing their own equipment. The inauguration of such schools illustrates the Turkish Government's concern for agriculture and the desire to stop the drift from the land to the alluring cities. Everywhere great importance is attached to the teaching of science. One can get the impression when talking to some young Turks that science is replacing the old religion of their fathers ; but on the whole this is a wrong impression. What the Turk realises is that his country lacks the adequate numbers of technicians necessary for industrial progress. Ataturk made great use of foreign instructors,

and the system is going on with British and American technical advisers. It will be some time before the full advantage of the tremendous mineral wealth of Anatolia, together with the setting up of new industries, is materialised. Before the war Hitler had carried on the *Drang Nach Osten* where Kaiser Wilhelm had left off, and he had nursed the Turkish nation. The result was that most Turkish students went to Germany to complete their studies, and German continued to be the second language of the educated Turk. President Inonu's clever diplomacy and his much-talked-of deaf ear outwitted Hitler during the last war, and there can be no doubt that Turkey's industries and export agents made much money as a result of her neutrality, while the Allies were saved the necessity of opening another theatre of war. But now German is no longer popular and the demand in all the cities for English lessons is very great. Business men, students, professional men all clamour for English instruction, and students go to America or England to complete their studies. One cannot help wondering why greater efforts were not made pre-1939 to spread the English language and to put Britain's case more clearly.

I found the Turks excellent students, keen, painstaking and hard working. Incidentally, their handwriting was the most beautiful I have ever seen ; this is probably a legacy of the old script in which meticulous care was needed in every stroke of the pen. They are very amenable to strict discipline ; again, T. E. Lawrence would claim this as another legacy of the past. But there is more to it than this. First, although schools have been secular since the 'twenties there is still an aura of the priest about the person of the schoolmaster, as far as the Turks are concerned. Secondly, even in the time of the Sultans the career was open to the talents. Turkey has always been a country where little attention has been given to our English ideas of class distinction. Pride of family and descent, yes, but somehow there is a different interpretation from the English one. It has always been possible for the lowest-born person to rise to the highest office or court position. And whereas in the old days it was ability and court intrigue which were the means of promotion, now it is ability only, and this is based and judged on educational reports. Again, the passing of the final examination of the *Lycée* means a qualification to become an officer cadet during compulsory service in the army, while lack of this certificate entails service in the ranks. The Turkish student is made aware from the beginning that he belongs to a proud nation and that he has a duty to the State. One interesting feature in the school year is what is known as "Children's Week." For one week in every year the best pupils in the whole country are chosen and sent to Ankara. One child is placed in the care of each Minister and Government official. Each Minister instructs his child in the duties and responsibilities of his office, and in theory the country is governed by the children for one week. The same thing takes place in the towns and villages and local government offices. Special stamps are issued during that week and their sale brings in money for children's charity and education. Turkey has pioneered adult education in the Near East. Wherever I went I came across Halk Evi (People's Houses). These are rather similar to British Institutes ; they give

courses in various cultural subjects and their rooms are used for political meetings and social events. Ataturk said once that he became a dictator in order that Turkey should never again have a dictator. His aim was to prepare for democracy through dictatorship. Unfortunately his effort to establish a parliamentary opposition in 1930 ended in a fiasco. I found a great improvement since the 'thirties ; there was a healthy competition between the Republican and Democratic Parties. And the success of the latter in the last election, without violence, shows that Turkey is well on the road to free democracy.

One cannot walk down the main street of Istanbul without realising that there is a Turkish army, and a very fit and well-trained one. There is conscription and the training is thorough and often gruelling. One very welcome improvement of late has been the issue of better-quality uniforms to the privates. Formerly the material was very coarse and rough and not particularly smart. A friend of mine served for a while as a private in the Turkish army in Anatolia, and he tells me that often he used to wear his pyjamas underneath his uniform because the cloth used to cut and graze his skin. The pay has always been small and conscripts of the past have often had to receive financial help from their families. The bravery of the Turk is well known, and the glorious action of the Turkish detachment in Korea shows that their fame is well founded. Part of my work in Turkey was to read the English essays of Turkish students. Here is an excerpt from one : " To study and become a famous person in the army is my favourite idea. Death is nothing for me. To die for my nation is best. The honour to become an officer in the army is like a giant. I will have this honour because I am a Turkish boy. Turks are never afraid of fighting for a right purpose." This boy was eighteen ; his remarks illustrate the typical outlook of the Turkish student and schoolboy, and they really mean it. It was the spirit in which the revolutionary war was fought. Needless to say, the War Academy at Harbiye and the other military schools are always full.

Probably the most intriguing and dramatic change from the old Turkey is seen in the emancipation of women. To attend a cocktail party in Ankara, to walk down the main streets of Pera or bathe from the crowded beaches of Florya are great experiences : for the beauty and fashionable dresses of Turkish ladies are pleasures in themselves. But when one realises that thirty years ago women were veiled, confined to the house, unable to enjoy social festivities, illiterate, mere playthings of man and adornments of the harem, the change becomes all the more dramatic. For now there are women in Parliament, women judges, teachers, doctors, civil servants, and every year sees the public demand for equal rights for women in everything growing. The influence of this movement is being felt in other Moslem countries, especially in Egypt, where there is a lively society which often quotes Turkey as a precedent. The reforms of the nineteenth century made no mention of improvements in the status of women ; that was left to the revolutionaries of the 'twenties, and the Civil Code of 1926 promised full rights and equality for women. But the new society that was bound to evolve was not expected overnight ; yet women have lost no time in taking

their place in society. One of the leaders of the movement was Halide Edip Adıvar. She served as a sergeant under Atatürk in the war against Greece. Now she is one of the most famous novelists of the century and is a distinguished member of the teaching staff of Istanbul University.

When one goes to a cinema or concert in Istanbul and witnesses the gay scenes during the interval (the film stops half-way through for fifteen minutes or so, so one can have refreshments and parade up and down the foyer) it is possible to imagine oneself in New York or London; it is hard to realise then that the first public concert to allow a mixed audience took place as recently as 1908 in old Stamboul, and even then there was a curtain down the middle of the hall to keep the sexes apart. Of course, in the remote parts of Anatolia there are still the old customs, the colourful dresses and dances. The wild dagger dance of Trebizond is something to be seen to be believed. And the delightful, gentler dances of Eski Şehir take one back to the real Turkey, the land of the peasant and village. I remember passing a long trail of people while travelling into the interior. In front of the procession was a woman riding a donkey, while behind her the people danced, sang and clapped their hands. Over the head and shoulders of the woman was a heavy sack. She was going to her wedding and she had not yet seen her husband-to-be. At the ceremony the sack would be removed. Such traditions have been abolished in the towns, but they still linger in some families in the form of arranged marriages and the handing over of a dowry. I know one person who received a dowry of £4,000 and the working interest in a large store. She wasn't very pretty; but then, perhaps that was not his reason for marriage.

I have vivid memories of the glory of the Byzantine churches and the old mosques. Old Stamboul is a fascinating area, with its winding streets, bazaars and overhanging bay windows. Yet Turkey has one of the finest displays of modern architecture in the whole East. Atatürk called in the best architects of the period to help him build the new Turkey and the well-designed city of Ankara is one result of his vision. What was once an obscure village in the harsh, wind-scorched plains and hills of Anatolia is now a worthy capital city with new buildings of ultra-modern design, with spacious parks, restaurants and cinemas. Although it is the administrative centre of the country many visitors comment on the comparative coldness of the set-up; in winter the air is biting cold, too. It lacks, they say, the easy comfort that Istanbul possesses with its mellowed buildings and cosmopolitan inhabitants. But the old city has modern buildings too, and very fine ones they are, with all the latest devices, including rays for opening and closing doors as you pass through them. There are fine modern hotels and also old and interesting khans which recall memories of the spice trade, when Constantinople was an important centre for the overland route from the East.

I talked to many engineers who were most impressed with the possibilities of the coal industry. One Welsh mining expert who was working in Anatolia told me of the vast coal seams which were as yet untapped, which stretched from Zonguldak along the Black Sea coast. British equipment is doing its job there admirably. Turkey has huge

nationalised industries. There are many Government monopolies. All wine and spirits, for instance, are produced by the Government factories ; they are cheap and good, but it is almost impossible to obtain foreign wines or spirits except at very high prices. Again, all cigarettes and matches are produced by the State. To help the match industry there used to be a tax on cigarette lighters. Each lighter had to receive a Government stamp and this cost one pound. To be found with an unstamped lighter was a punishable offence. This regulation was rescinded two years ago.

Nowadays travelling in Turkey is not easy for the foreigner. Owing to the nearness of Russia and her satellites and the fear of Communist infiltration, the Government quite rightly suspect wanderers about the countryside. All foreigners must carry a special identity card. Strictly speaking, no foreigner is allowed to spend the night anywhere without the police knowing his address. To travel, say, from Istanbul to a Marmara resort for a few days, you must first get permission from your local police station, have your card stamped, then, on arrival at the resort, have your card stamped at the nearest police station, where it is deposited during your stay and you collect it stamped again on departure, and then have it stamped when you arrive back at Istanbul. Many areas are forbidden altogether to the foreigner. Turks are anti-Communist to a man. The old fear of Russia is as strong now as it ever was ; it is not moral fear, and the determination to prevent any Russian infringement of her territorial rights is probably stronger than it ever was under the Sultans, for Turkey is no longer the " sick man of Europe." She is the most powerful country in the Middle East and with the rapid mechanisation of her armed forces her power increases.

Turks are pro-British and pro-American and proud of being so. Everywhere I found courtesy, kindness and consideration. Turks taught me that East and West really can get on together. They know how to work and how to enjoy themselves, and I am looking forward to my next visit. About 1943 a friend of mine used to walk down the main street of Istanbul, and when a certain Turkish acquaintance would see him, the Turk would stand out in the middle of the traffic-congested street and shout " Vive l'Angleterre ! " I cannot help feeling that nowadays all Turks are muttering the same prayer to themselves, for they realise that we stand or fall together.

WILRICH PRICE.

MALTA TO-DAY

THE Maltese are most probably the only people whose geographical status was determined by Act of Parliament, when in 1801 the House of Commons declared the island to be a part of Europe. This of course implies that there must have been a certain amount of doubt as to whether the island forms the southernmost outpost of European civilisation or the most northerly point of Africa. Anybody who has visited the island, which in spite of its small size has been, at

least until recently, one of the most vital strategical centres of the world, will find it easy to make up his mind on this problem, although he will readily understand why such doubts arose. The Maltese are unquestionably in character and outlook Europeans just as much as the Sicilians, their nearest neighbours, seventy miles to the north, with whom they are, however, racially unrelated. Most of their customs and habits, their manner of dressing and their architecture bear unmistakably the imprint of Western civilisation, and a Maltese would rightly be very indignant if you doubted his connection with the continent of Europe.

He would only have to take you into one of the innumerable churches which are always crowded with devout worshippers of all age groups; or make you watch the colourful and impressive religious processions which pass almost incessantly through towns and villages, to convince you of the intimate and intense influence of Rome, and what could be more European or at least occidental than Rome and all it stands for? And yet when all is said you are still conscious of some element in the vivid social life that surges around you when you walk down Kingsway in Valetta which seems to set this island apart from the rest of Europe. There is more than a hint of the Near East about the place, more noticeable but by no means as unpleasant as the sirocco, a blighting wind which at certain times blows from the north coast of Africa and has the reputation of setting tempers on edge.

It is this indefinable admixture of an Eastern element, expressed not only in the open-air character of social life which turns certain streets almost into bazaars but also in the lithe beauty of many Maltese boys and girls of unmistakably Arab origin, which gives to Malta its unique character and lends it special charm. Even if the theory that Malta is the last relic of a land bridge which in prehistoric times connected Europe and Africa is unfounded—and nobody really knows—it has been for centuries one of the gateways into the East. Indeed, its strategical importance rested on this fact and made it play a part in history to which its size—it is smaller than the Isle of Wight—and its population would certainly not have entitled it. And although there are few visible signs of the impact of Arab civilisation—these are far more numerous in Southern Spain—the language and customs of the Maltese people clearly bear its imprint.

I have heard heated arguments between people who have visited the island as to whether Malta is beautiful or not. One of the first things I was told when I visited it for the first time was that it was not photogenic. This statement rather discouraged me, as I am a keen amateur photographer, but I soon discovered that it was quite untrue, although, of course, you must not look on the island with eyes that are pre-conditioned by the green fields of England. If you were prepared to find the gentle park landscape of our southern counties or the luxuriant growth of the Far Eastern scene you will indeed be disappointed. From May to October there is hardly any rainfall, so that from the air the island looks like a withered leaf floating on an improbably blue Mediterranean. There are not many trees or shrubs, and the eye soon tires of the glaring whiteness of the stones which reflect the sun relent-

lessly. You begin to understand why travellers have described Malta as a huge conglomeration of stones and have failed to discover its charm and fascination. Even during the dry season, however, the landscape, with its hundreds of small fields, surrounded by stone walls to contain the moisture and to keep the soil in, has an architectonic quality which appeals to the imagination and creates an impression of grandeur. I have, unfortunately, never visited the island in the spring, but I am told that it then becomes completely and very suddenly transformed in a way that is startling and even miraculous. There is no doubt that Malta, if properly irrigated throughout the year, would be one of the most beautiful and fertile islands on earth. The only part which is green at all seasons is in the north, where there are ample supplies of well water which is pumped up by windmills or crankwheels operated by mules and where you can see farmers working in the fields at all times, while along the edges of their acres there are thousands of pumpkins ripening in the blazing sun. One of the sights that delighted my colour-conscious eye was that of the tomato market in Rabat.

The famous goats of Malta are no longer so numerous or at least ubiquitous as they were some years ago. It took me some time until I saw a goat being milked outside a house, which used to be quite common not so very long ago. The Government frown on this picturesque but admittedly rather unhygienic custom and have made it illegal in certain parts of the island. I never saw a cow in Malta although I am told that there are quite a few of them.

The lack of water is certainly one of Malta's most serious problems, as in most countries in the Middle East. There are now over 300,000 inhabitants and it is obviously impossible for the farmers to produce more than a fraction of the food they consume, though it is surprising how well they do in the circumstances. It can be doubted, however, whether even with sufficient irrigation the food resources would prove adequate, while under prevailing conditions the island must be amongst the most densely populated areas in the world and is certainly by all standards grossly overpopulated. It could almost be used as a classical illustration for Malthus' well-known theory, and the actual net increase of the population, which is something like 8,000 per year, shows no sign of slackening.

One of the most delightful sights is the large number of children to be seen everywhere. They look very healthy and happy and are sometimes almost startlingly beautiful. To the social scientist, however, who watches them at play, they pose an extremely difficult problem. How can Malta's economic resources be increased so that she can cope with this continuous growth of her population? In the past the answer has always been increased productivity or emigration. How can Malta deal with this problem? One thing is certain. Malta can no more solve her economic problems single-handed and unaided than can most countries in Africa or Asia. It is very doubtful whether she could increase her productivity to any large extent even with outside assistance. Already much of the island is urbanised, indeed it would be no exaggeration to describe the whole of the south-western part of it as one large city, dangerously dependent on the Grand Harbour with its dockyard, and

urbanisation is progressing. Malta has no raw materials which could be exported and very little industry, although its lace and hand-woven fabrics are deservedly world famous and the Government has recently tried to establish new industries locally in order to diminish the enormous trade deficit. Quite recently a new brewery has been opened and the building which houses it is one of the most impressive modern buildings on the island.

The Government, furthermore, tried to increase the tourist traffic but with little success, not only because the island does not have the kind of amenities that attract the modern holiday-maker but because it is too far away from Europe to become a practical proposition as a popular holiday resort. This leaves emigration as the only alternative to overpopulation and the resulting danger of a fall in the standard of life, and this emigration would have to be on a fairly substantial scale to make a real contribution to the solution of the problem. So far, however, it has hardly affected the size of the population, and it is one of Malta's most deeply felt grievances that the British Government has not done more to facilitate emigration on an appreciable scale. On the other hand, social life is so unique and the average Maltese is so closely bound up with his family and communal life that emigration can only succeed if whole Maltese communities could be transported in a body to enable them to maintain their characteristic traditions without which they might become uprooted and unhappy. When you wander over the island you can observe plenty of evidence for this communal life, the essential features of which have remained unchanged for many centuries. The women sitting outside their houses in the cool breeze of the evening, the men chatting and smoking on the steps of the local church, the festivities and processions, the fireworks and other jollifications in which all classes participate : they all play an essential part in the life of this simple and happy people who under suitable conditions would make first-class colonisers. It can easily be seen, however, how difficult it is to organise emigration on a communal basis in a world in which there are no longer any empty spaces and where the frontiers are no longer open.

In the past Malta's prosperity depended largely on its role as a first-class naval base and as a vital strategical centre. Its present economic difficulties are to a large degree the direct result of the decline in British sea power and of the far-reaching changes that have taken place in the strategical position in the world. The advent of air power has materially affected Malta's value as a naval base even if military experts cannot agree as to the extent of the change. And yet the naval dockyard probably employs more people than any other undertaking, and the naval community still provides, directly or indirectly, a large number of people with their livelihood. The plain fact, however, is that the Royal Navy is no longer quite so strongly represented as in the heyday of British sea power and, in addition, the grievous destruction caused by the second German war has enormously aggravated Malta's problems.

Malta prospered so long as it was a vital nodal point in the Mediterranean and its entire history was shaped by the importance it acquired as such in the eyes of the great sea Powers struggling for naval supremacy. Its

position almost exactly in the centre of the Mediterranean made it eminently suited for its role as the decisive key to the domination of a whole area which was vital to Britain and was therefore constantly disputed by Britain's enemies. Before the British came to Malta it was the function of the famous Knights of the Order of St. John, who have left their indelible traces all over the island and some of whose superb buildings have luckily escaped destruction, to form a military garrison on behalf of the whole of Europe, first against the Turks and then later as a naval Power—a fact which is very little known—against the Barbary pirates. When they ceased to exercise this function Malta declined until Britain again used it as a bulwark for her imperial policy.

It is against this historical background that the visitor to Malta must see the problems of this small member of the Commonwealth. There has been a good deal of irritation and even exasperation on both sides, because neither side quite understands the position of the other. The Maltese find it sometimes difficult to grasp fully the implications of their changed strategical position, and the British occasionally forget that if there is something artificial and even unhealthy in Malta's economic position, this position itself is very largely Britain's responsibility. Luckily, there are some signs that an increasing number of Maltese begin to understand Britain's own difficulties, and realise that most Englishmen recognise and accept their responsibility towards a small nation which voluntarily placed itself under Britain's protection and has remained for 150 years Britain's faithful ally.

DR. REINHOLD ARIS.

IRELAND'S GENERAL ELECTION

MR. COSTELLO took office as the head of Ireland's first inter-party Government in February 1948. Mr. de Valera scoffed "it would not last six weeks." But this Coalition Government did so well that it retained one seat at a by-election and won another, in November 1949, from Mr. de Valera. Early in 1951, however, the Church authorities criticised some proposals of the Health Minister, and he resigned. Shortly after, some Independents who hitherto had supported the Government seemed likely to join with Mr. de Valera to defeat the Government on its Agriculture Minister's estimates. Therefore, after nearly 3½ years in office, Mr. Costello secured a dissolution, and polling took place on May 30th.

Mr. Costello (Fine Gael), and the leaders of the Labour, Farmers and New Republican Parties associated with him, sought endorsement on the Government's record, a programme of social welfare, and a pledge to continue as an inter-party Government. Mr. de Valera countered with criticisms of its work and programme, and objections to coalitions, and appealed for an overall majority for Fianna Fail and one-party government. There was in consequence much discussion about proportional representation. Mr. de Valera argued this was not an issue, as it

was in the constitution and so would need a referendum before it could be repealed, and put forward his programme of other reforms.

The campaign was marked by hard-hitting speeches, but generally the public did not seem interested. The event proved otherwise: there was a 75 per cent. poll, with a total vote 10,000 higher than in 1948. The inter-party groups and Independents with 716,315 votes secured 78 seats (against 768,950 votes and 79 seats in 1948) and Mr. de Valera 616,722 votes and 69 seats (comparable with 553,917 and 68 in 1948). Mr. de Valera thus again failed in his bid for an overall majority and solo government. It was anticipated that the Dail when it met on June 13th would re-elect Mr. Costello as Taoiseach (Prime Minister) though that would depend upon what support his nomination received from the Independents; but Mr De Valera was chosen.

Mr. de Valera's increase of 63,000 votes brought him only one additional seat; in 1948, with a 42 per cent. vote, he secured 46 per cent of the seats. P.R. does justice to the large as well as the small parties with whatever advantage there may be in "the turn of the scale" falling to the larger body of opinion. In 1951 his 46 per cent. vote secured for him 47 per cent. of the seats. During the sixteen years he was in office he increased the constituencies returning each three members from fifteen to twenty-two; and converted the remaining constituencies to nine each returning four members and nine returning five members. Notwithstanding this restriction upon minorities to secure their appropriate measure of representation, the relation of seats to votes is very close for all the parties. As is customary in Ireland there were no unopposed returns (except, by law, of the Speaker), and in no constituency has any one party obtained all the seats.

Party gains and losses at the poll and changes through retirements have brought in nearly thirty new members, a variation of about 20 per cent. in the personnel of the Dail. Every member of the Costello Cabinet was re-elected, and a round dozen of other members who never allowed a walk-over, have sat for the same constituencies since 1918 or thereabouts. P.R. not only avoids violent ups and downs in party representation, but also assists the country in retaining the continuous service of its ablest and most experienced legislators.

The request of the inter-party groups that their supporters, after marking their early preferences for their own party candidates, should continue with preferences for all the candidates of the other Coalition parties, was well responded to. For example: at the end of the count in Dublin South-West (returning five members), out of 41,997 ballot papers only 1,428 (or 3·4 per cent.) had ceased to operate. And likewise with spoilt papers: the highest number reported in any constituency is 575, or 1·2 per cent. in a total poll of 46,971; in another case the invalid papers were as low as 0·54 per cent.

Since the election Mr. de Valera has spoken of Fianna Fail having been returned "with more members than all the other parties together,"—conveniently omitting the fourteen Independents, whom he described during the campaign "as having as many policies as there were individuals." He also proudly refers to Fianna Fail having the greatest number of first preference votes in thirty-four out of the forty con-

stituencies. Let us examine these constituency figures in some detail. If we assume the retention of the present constituencies and members, but each elector given as many votes as seats to be filled in his constituency (the Block Vote), on these 1951 figures Mr. de Valera would secure forty seats in eleven constituencies by clear majorities, and, on minority votes, ninety-two seats in twenty-five other constituencies ; Mr. Costello eight seats in two constituencies, the Farmers four seats in one constituency—all on minority votes ; and the Independents all three seats in one other constituency, on a clear majority. Labour and the New Republicans, with substantial votes supporting them, would have no representation. Mr. de Valera, with a 46 per cent. vote, would have 90 per cent. of the seats, and 54 per cent. of the voters would get only 10 per cent. of the representation. An " overall " majority of 132 to 15 in seats might well appeal to him, but it would at once arouse fierce antagonism throughout the country. And if, given the opportunity, he should seek to revert to the pre-1918 single-member constituencies, the situation would be little if any better ; it could hardly be worse.

From Press reports and the comments of candidates of all parties this election was marked with more toleration and good humour than any since 1922. There seems a disposition to put that better spirit to the credit of the final settlement of the constitutional issue in respect of external relations. The assurance throughout the past thirty years that under P.R. each substantial body of opinion could, and would, secure its fair share of representation has also done much to enable that better spirit to develop. The quietness of the audiences during the election suggests that, like ourselves, they find the world of to-day and its affairs a puzzling problem ; the increased poll indicates that the people are doing more thinking on these matters than the politicians generally credit them with. Commentators appear to agree that the " inconclusive " result of the voting on May 30th correctly reflects the uncertainties in the public mind.

Two domestic issues were kept well before the electors in all the speeches : the enigma of Mr. de Valera's intentions, should he be the victor, as to retaining P.R. for future elections, and there is not the slightest doubt that fear on this score lost him and his party an appreciable measure of support he might otherwise have had. The other was one-party versus inter-party governments. Here also the people, as in 1948, made it clear that, whilst there is a great regard for him, they are not prepared to give him that clear, overall majority he so stridently demands. Men of different parties have shown during the past three years that they can co-operate in progressive government and courageous experiment. It would seem that there is a desire that that experiment shall continue, and that the electors are anxious that the leaders shall get away from the bitter personal animosities and memories of the civil war and get together on a constructive programme to meet present-day and future needs.

JOHN FITZGERALD,

Secretary of the Proportional Representation Society.

FOUR FRENCH SALONS

II. MME DU DEFFAND

THE most formidable rival of Mme Geoffrin among Parisian *salonières* during the middle decades of the eighteenth century was Mme du Deffand. Between these remarkable women, who had no love for each other, the resemblances were as marked as the differences. Both were born at the close of the Grand Siècle, and lived on till the distant thunder of the Revolution could be heard by sensitive ears. Both were assigned in early youth to husbands of whom they knew nothing and whom they found impossible to love. Both sought compensation in entertaining a circle of intellectuals on which they depended for their happiness. Both—to the amazement of their friends—experienced an Indian Summer in which their emotional needs found belated expression through platonic attachments to foreigners young enough to be their sons.

Their differences were no less marked. While the cool-blooded Mme Geoffrin was a model of propriety, Mme du Deffand sowed her wild oats in the most dissolute Court in Europe and settled down only in middle age. The former was the Moderator rather than the leader of her salon, the latter a witty conversationalist who held her own with the cleverest of her guests. The one detested letter-writing, and only her autumnal romance with Stanislas Poniatowski forced a pen into her hand. The other, a born letter-writer, left in her voluminous correspondence with Horace Walpole, the Duchesse de Choiseul and Voltaire some of the finest specimens of the epistolary art in any tongue. The former we visualise mainly through the eyes of her friends, the latter, far more intimately, through the unstudied outpourings of her heart. Mme du Deffand was the more interesting and the more cultivated personality, but also the least contented. While Mme Geoffrin could look back on a record of self-fulfilment, Mme du Deffand's career was a story of storm and stress, of spiritual frustration, of inner loneliness, of relative failure. Nature had denied her the precious gift of full enjoyment. She was too critical of others and of herself ever to find settled happiness: for the cup usually turned sour when she put it to her lips. She was her own worst enemy, for she was never at peace with herself.

Marie, daughter of Comte de Vichy, a member of an old Burgundian family, was born in 1696. Girls of her rank were usually sent to convent schools, but the Convent de la Madeleine, though one of the most fashionable in Paris, was anything but a model of piety or discipline. There were religious ceremonies but there was nothing of a convent except in name, for the inmates could receive company and accept invitations. When the precocious girl professed herself a sceptic, the Superior informed her pious aunt, the Duchesse de Luynes, who was charged by her parents with looking after her welfare. Père Massillon was called in to reason with her, but the intervention of the most celebrated preacher of the age was in vain. Though she disapproved open attacks on the Church and its creeds, she was a thorough daughter of the *Aufklärung*, and the most enduring friendship of her life was with Voltaire.

On leaving school Marie de Vichy returned to her home in the country, the utter emptiness of which turned her thoughts to the only practicable method of escape. The Marquis du Deffand was selected by her parents, despite her crushing verdict : " Il est ennuyeux." Since no prominent woman of her time was so easily bored, there was little prospect of a happy partnership. Such *mariages de convenance* among the nobility were scarcely more than a legal ceremony, especially when there were no children, and there was little surprise that the experiment lasted less than four years. The pretty and vivacious young Marquise, bored to distraction by her colourless husband, joined the Smart Set at the Palais Royal under the auspices of the Duchesse de Berry, the profligate daughter of the dissolute *de facto* ruler of France. That she was for a brief space one of his numerous mistresses was reported by Horace Walpole when he paid his first long visit to Paris in 1766 and collected the gossip of society. It may well have been true, for Mme du Deffand, like his other favoured beauties, obtained a pension. The death of the Regent scattered the circle, but there were plenty of other tempters at hand. She became the acknowledged mistress of the Comte de Fargis, a notorious *roué*, whom she had met at a masked ball. The *liaison* was soon over, and the young wife reluctantly consented to rejoin her husband in Normandy. Once again she found it impossible to content herself with a man who lived for the chase, and when her grandmother, the Duchesse de Choiseul, left her money she returned to Paris. He followed her, but, as she confessed to a friend, he bored her to death. Appeals from her long-suffering partner and her own family failed to overcome what she described as *une aversion outrée*. A separation was inevitable, though in a Catholic country there could be no hope of a divorce.

Mme du Deffand had had her fill of gallantry and resolved to rebuild her life on a firmer basis. " Je m'ennuyais," she observed, " de toutes mes sottises." A *pis aller* was found in a long-term *liaison* which was a second marriage in all but name. Many doors were open to her, above all that of the Duchesse du Maine, grand-daughter of the Grand Condé and wife of the royal bastard who had been brought up by Mme de Maintenon and whom Louis XIV desired to become Regent for his great-grandson Louis XV. When the Duke of Orleans, who had the better right, secured the coveted post, the colourless Duc du Maine and his autocratic wife left the Court and settled at Sceaux, where she consoled herself with literary lions and amateur theatricals. Her little kingdom is mirrored in the memoirs of her factotum, Mme de Stael-Delaunay, who describes Mme du Deffand as clever and natural.

To pass from the glittering frivolities of the Palais Royal to the high-brow occupations of Sceaux was no sacrifice for Mme du Deffand, who for the first time could enjoy the intellectual society for which she craved. The brightest stars in the firmament were Voltaire, Fontenelle and the Abbé Prévost, and in later years the leaders of the younger generation such as Marmontel and La Harpe, d'Alembert and Grimm, Helvétius and Chamfort. The fair sex was represented by the respected Duchesse de Luynes, *dame d'honneur* to the Queen, and the less reputable Mme de Chatelet, Mme de Tencin and Mme d'Épinay. The character

of the *salonnière* herself was beyond challenge, but in those days hostesses were rarely particular about the moral record of their guests.

Among the lesser luminaries at Sceaux was Hénault, an easy-going agreeable and cultivated widower who dabbled in light comedy and light verse, President of the First Court of Appeal in the Paris Parlement, and a member of the Académie française. Author of the *Abrégé Chronologique de l'histoire de France*, the first popular summary of the fortunes of the French people, and of *Memoirs* depicting the society he adorned, President Hénault, as he was generally known, seemed able to offer Mme du Deffand just what she needed. His past was no more spotless than hers, but he claimed that he had done no one any harm. Both had had enough of adventures. His aim was to make life pleasant for himself and his friends. As a gourmet he provided excellent suppers in his house in the Rue St. Honoré, and as a gourmand he suffered from chronic indigestion. The Duc de Luynes describes him as well informed, a good talker and a man of considerable charm. Though a welcome guest in the literary coteries of Paris he was a light weight and Mme du Deffand, whose eyes were as sharp as her tongue, had no illusions. She describes him as "l'homme le plus aimable du monde," but there was no pretence of deep affection on either side. It was a *liaison de convenance*, and was accepted as such by society. In 1730 when it began, he was forty-eight and she was thirty-four. When her husband passed away there was no obstacle to a marriage except that neither had the slightest desire for such a departure. All the affection of which his rather chilly heart was capable went to another lady, Mme de Castelmoron, of whom he declared after her death that for forty years she had been the principal object of his life. It was the misfortune of Mme du Deffand that she never held the first place in any human heart.

The arrangement worked well, and when they ceased to be lovers they remained good friends. They had never lived under the same roof and he left her nothing in his will. The nearest approach to warmth on her part is recorded in a letter during his absence from Paris in 1742. "I am accustomed to a letter every day, and two days without one are a sore trial. You are more necessary than my life. I could not do without you." When he wrote happily of his doings and amusements, but without the note of tenderness she craved, she replied ironically: "I am sorry not to see you, but I bear this misfortune with a courage of which you set the example." Now, for once, the limited liability lover played up: "What I love I love always, and it is you I love." It proved difficult to live at such emotional altitudes, and in later years when he was deaf and she was blind both were frankly bored. He was never more than a *pis aller*.

The death of her husband in 1750 placed Mme du Deffand in comfortable circumstances, for he had retained part of her dowry; and the death of the Duchesse du Maine in 1752 deprived a number of literary men of an attractive rendezvous. To become an *habitué* of a literary salon there was no need to be a close friend of the hostess, and it was not till her fifties that anyone found a way into her heart. People came because they enjoyed good talk, and they were welcome if they could contribute

to the entertainment. It was not for her dinners that Frenchmen and foreigners flocked to her drawing-room, for Hénault, an authority on gastronomy, complained of the "terrible sauces," testily observing that the only difference between her cook and the poisoner Brinvilliers lay in their intentions. Living in a suite attached to the Convent of St. Joseph which had housed Mme de Montespan after her fall, she was at home every day after six unless she dined out. Hénault was usually the first to arrive, but his appointment as *Lecteur de la Reine* rendered his visits irregular. An even older acquaintance was Pont de Veyle, ever good-tempered and gay, whose main ambition, like that of Hénault, was to seek pleasure for himself and to provide it for his friends.

There was always plenty of entertainment, for the vivacious sallies of the hostess and the intellectual distinction of the guests made admission to the circle a coveted privilege. Unlike the masculine kingdom of Mme Geoffrin, women had their place in the sun. "Young and pretty women are needed by society as sugar is needed in coffee," remarked Morellet, one of the *habitués*. From time to time the famous Clairon would recite, and the latest letter from Voltaire would be read aloud. Here were to be found d'Alembert, the most brilliant of talkers, Montesquieu, the prince of publicists, Maupertuis, the *protégé* of Frederick the Great, Beaumarchais, d'Argenson, members of the diplomatic corps, and English celebrities, among them the beautiful Lady Hervey and George Selwyn, whose hobby was to witness public executions. Other capitals struck observant travellers as provincial in comparison with *la ville lumière* where conversation was cultivated as a fine art. Under Louis XIV the spotlight had been focused on the gilded chambers of Versailles, and was to play on the palace again for the last time when Marie Antoinette cast a brief radiance on the dying monarchy. Under Louis XV, on the other hand, when the Court ceased to count in the social and intellectual life of the country, the drawing-rooms of Paris took its place.

In the early fifties Mme du Deffand was as happy as her hypercritical temperament allowed her to be, when a shadow fell across her path. The first reference to failing eyesight occurs in a letter to Montesquieu in 1752. Tronchin, the fashionable Geneva physician, could suggest nothing except residence in the country. As a long-term policy it was impracticable, for company and conversation were her meat and drink, but perhaps she might try the experiment for a time. Her salon, she feared, would have to close, for she could no longer see her guests. She had kept up with her younger brother, the Abbé Nicolas de Champrond, and to a lesser extent with her younger sister, Anne de Vichy, who had married a neighbour in the Lyonnais, the Marquis d'Albon. With her familiar world crumbling around her she was almost in despair. "Quel néant que la vie," she cried, "mieux vaudrait n'être pas née." To make matters worse she suffered from chronic insomnia. At this moment her brother, Gaspard de Vichy, suggested a visit, and her closest friends advised her to accept the invitation. The prospect of life in a fifteenth-century château in the depths of the country was not alluring. Brother and sister had not met for many

years and had nothing in common, and his wife was equally lacking in intellectual interests ; but there was no obligation to stay a day longer than she wished.

When her carriage rolled into the courtyard of her brother's home at Champrond she found an inmate of whom she had never heard but whose presence was to make her sojourn interesting and even enjoyable. Julie de Lespinasse, who was introduced as the governess of the Vichy children, was a mystery child whose secret was recently explored by the Marquis de Ségur after examining the family papers. Born in Lyons in 1732 in the house of a doctor and a midwife, she was registered as the legitimate daughter of Claude de Lespinasse, a *bourgeois* of Lyons, and Julie Navarre, his wife, neither of whom had ever existed. The mother was Comtesse d'Albon, whose husband had left her after the birth of four children. Subsequently she formed a *liaison* resulting in the birth of two more children, the elder of whom became a monk. The second, a daughter, was brought up with her legitimate children in a happy family life till her death, when Julie was sixteen, raised the problem of her future. Mme d'Albon could settle an income of only six hundred francs on the child she adored, plus a nest-egg of five thousand francs. A temporary solution was provided by an invitation to live at Champrond as a member of the family and to look after the children of Comte Gaspard de Vichy, who had married one of Julie's half-sisters. They had always been on affectionate terms, and with the two Vichy children it was a case of love at first sight.

The bright dawn was quickly overcast, for the master of the house proved anything but a friend. The pretence of equality faded away and the unpaid governess found herself treated as an inferior. In later years she was to speak of her employers, doubtless with some exaggeration, as barbarous persecutors compared to whom tigers were merciful. What was the reason for this shattering of her hopes ? It seems almost certain that Comte Gaspard had been the lover of Comtesse d'Albon, that he was her father, and that he wished to hush up the guilty secret. In any case he visited his spleen on the defenceless girl. After four years Julie felt that she must escape, and, in the absence of any alternative, resolved to enter a cloister in Lyons.

Mme du Deffand arrived at the psychological moment and took the girl to her heart without knowing that she may have been her niece. With her she could talk, for Julie loved the French classics, knew English and Italian, and listened eagerly to descriptions of the delights of Paris. Beautiful she was not, but her dark, expressive eyes suggested a personality out of the common. An air of mystery and melancholy increased the attraction. "I noticed she was very sad," the visitor reported, "and there were often tears in her eyes." The disillusioned Parisienne was fascinated by her vibrating sensibility and the warmth of her response to comradeship and consideration. When the girl left to become a paying guest in a Lyons convent, Mme du Deffand wrote to her, "Vous avez beaucoup d'esprit." She had begun to dream of a new life for herself and her new friend, for with the onset of blindness she had come to a parting of the ways. Vistas of infinite boredom rose before her mind, and there was a vacuum in her heart which neither

Hénault nor d'Alembert could fill. Why should she not invite the homeless girl to Paris not as a dependant but as an equal and a friend? Whether she was told or suspected that she was her niece we do not know, and it would have probably made no difference. She broached the subject before Julie's departure and followed it up in her correspondence.

At the close of her visit Mme du Deffand spent ten days at Lyons in consultation with the girl, who was as excited by the dazzling prospect as she was apprehensive of a plunge into an unknown world. She decided only when Count d'Albon refused to increase her meagre allowance. The elder woman rejoiced, for warmth had returned to her withered heart. Never before had she written to a friend or relation "Ma reine." Since Julie felt doubtful how she would be received in the crowded salon, Mme du Deffand informed the two people in whom she felt most confidence, Hénault and her aunt the Duchesse de Luynes. "I am blind and need a companion." There was nothing more to be said, and the date of the journey from Lyons was fixed. "Adieu, ma reine; faites vos paquets et venez faire le bonheur et la consolation de ma vie." The letters of this honeymoon period dispose of the legend that she had no heart, but till now no one had been able to open the rusty lock.

Julie arrived at the Convent of St. Joseph in April 1754, was lodged in an apartment on the floor above, and was fitted out with suitable clothes. The routine established before the hostess was stricken by blindness was resumed and continued to the end. The great event of the day was supper, usually with three or four guests, and once a week there was a larger party. After a visit to the opera or the *Comédie Française* she sometimes remarked that it was too early to go to bed and would drive about the streets till 2 a.m., for she dreaded the sleepless hours of the night.

Julie took her place in society without effort and the hostess congratulated herself on her luck. "Every day I like her better," she reported in July 1755, and Julie's letters breathed equal satisfaction. She enjoyed the social equality which had been denied her in the Vichy family. The two most important members of the salon took to her from the first. According to La Harpe, the septuagenarian Hénault thought of marrying her, and d'Alembert formed a touching platonic friendship which endured till her death. There seemed no danger of losing the girl who had brought warmth into her life and increased the attractiveness of her circle, for who would dream of marrying an almost penniless companion whose parentage was a mystery? Mme du Deffand had miscalculated. Though there was nothing of the coquette in Julie, there were depths of feeling of which her employer had no conception. Of the celebrated Parisian *salonières*, indeed, Julie was the only one who possessed irresistible charm. She was as much appreciated by the women as by the men friends of the hostess. The eldest and closest of them, the Maréchale de Luxembourg, came almost daily, and when Mme du Deffand visited her in her country home in summer, she took Julie with her. For the first year or two all went well. The earliest sign of trouble arose when Taaffe, a young Irish nobleman

on a visit to Paris, fell in love with her. The blind hostess sensed the situation and forbade him the house. Though Julie's heart was not very deeply engaged, she was exceptionally highly strung. She resented the interference and sought relief in large doses of opium. The first scenes occurred, followed by tears and reconciliations, but there could be no return to the *status quo*. The growing consciousness of her charms led the ageing hostess to wonder whether she had been wise in inviting such an attractive girl to share her home. Julie, for her part, while grateful for many kindnesses, soon began to complain. "I am distressed to see how my days are taken up—nothing but complaints and privations."

The most important factor in the growing estrangement was the discovery by the hostess that d'Alembert—"mon petit ami," "mon chat sauvage"—the brightest ornament of her salon and an almost daily visitor, had transferred his devotion to the newcomer. "He is my intimate friend, and I love him passionately," Mme du Deffand had confided to Julie. The love, though purely maternal, was sufficiently deep to render the thought of its loss a nightmare. At first she had been pleased that the two people who meant so much to her had taken to each other, but it was not long before the demon of jealousy crept in. For d'Alembert it was the beginning of a new and happier life; for Mme du Deffand it was to involve the loss both of her companion and her most valued friend. During d'Alembert's visit to Frederick the Great he sent greetings and asked for news through Julie instead of direct. "No sir," replied the old lady, who was hurt by the growing coolness. "I shall not trouble anyone to give you my news. Let us love each other as we used to do. I do not think we could do better. For you I am and always shall be the same." The appeal came too late. On his return after a year's absence Julie was everything, the hostess nothing. "More than ever I realise that the supreme misfortune is to have been born," she confided to Voltaire. "This is true not only of Job, Judas or myself but of you, Pompadour, everyone. My blindness and my old age are the least of my troubles." "Enjoy your food and take care of yourself," replied the sage of Ferney cheerfully; "you have the best company in Paris."

After a decade of growing friction the ice was wearing thin, and in 1764 it broke with a crash. Desiring more of Julie's company than the publicity of the salon allowed, d'Alembert formed the habit of mounting to her apartment an hour or two before the hostess appeared in her salon at six o'clock. Other friends were also invited to these informal gatherings, among them Turgot, Condorcet, Marmontel, La Harpe and Hénault himself. Leaving her bedroom one day an hour earlier than usual, Mme du Deffand heard voices upstairs, entered unannounced, and discovered the existence of a rival salon. The scene, which is described in Marmontel's *Memoirs*, ranks as the most celebrated quarrel in the literary history of eighteenth-century France. Bitter words were exchanged which could never be forgotten. Julie was charged with treachery to her benefactor and retorted with shrill complaints. Affection, already almost extinct, turned in a flash to something like hatred on both sides. A day or two after the crisis

Julie proposed a meeting, but the suggestion was declined. When the angry hostess requested d'Alembert to choose between them, the brightest ornament of her salon walked out. A third blow was that most of the *habitués*—Hénault, Turgot, Maréchale de Luxembourg and others—took the side of the rebel.

The departure of "la Lespinasse," as she was henceforth described, left the blind woman lonelier and unhappier than ever before. She loved nobody and she believed that nobody loved her. A new and brighter chapter in her life—to be described in a further article—was to open in the following year with the appearance of Horace Walpole, but for the moment there was as little warmth in her heart as there was light in her eyes. "Last night I had twelve people at my table," she reported to Voltaire, "all of them bores." Life had lost its savour. For Julie, on the other hand, it was an emancipation. Her old employer, she complained, painted her as black as hell. "It has been unanimously agreed that she is the most malevolent creature ever created by God or the devil." Her detestation was fully reciprocated. "If she wished to save me from the scaffold," snapped the old lady, "I would not see her." They never met again. When Julie passed away at the age of forty-three Mme du Deffand merely observed: "It should have happened fifteen years ago; then I should not have lost d'Alembert."

G. P. GOOCH.

CANADA COMES OF AGE

ON an extensive tour from coast to coast under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, giving lectures to universities, schools, United Service organisations, Rotary Clubs, etc., I was overwhelmed by a feeling that I was in a young country, eager for genuine progress and increasing prosperity and fully realising the value of education. Public expenditure for education, I learned, was about 38 million dollars per annum in 1911 and had now passed the 290 million mark. I have rarely come across such an excellent spirit in schools and universities. Every device is applied to make education thorough and attractive. The school buildings are very up to date, and sites are chosen in lovely surroundings. The leitmotiv is to understand, to help, to participate, to make contributions fair to all parties at home and abroad. "What is our place in the world?" "How can we help to build a decent world?" was the background of all the lengthy discussions which followed my lectures. The audiences were full of *joie de vivre*, full of "live and let live," full of the urge to know more. A sense of healthy competition and genuine comradeship amongst students and teachers alike prevailed all along the academic line. One felt that science was not a dead letter but part and parcel of the life of that young idealistic nation. You do not see preoccupied and harassed faces as in disillusioned and embittered Europe of to-day. Universities, museums, art galleries are living links with the rank and file. Thus in London (Ontario) the local art gallery lends pictures to adorn the homes of citizens for one year, after which they are exchanged

for a new lot. Permanent exhibitions and sales of pictures at reasonable prices are organised to encourage beginners, and to make people enjoy beautiful things.

The generosity of Canadians as individuals and as a nation is proverbial. I was writing letters in the "sight-seeing" carriage at the tail of the train when my fountain pen broke. A gentleman sitting next me offered me his pen. When, after finishing my correspondence, I returned it to him he said in a simple, rather shy, way: "I see you have no other pen; allow me to present you with mine." So I became possessor of a beautiful Waterman pen, the gift of a person I had never met before and most likely shall never meet again. Before leaving for the U.S.A. I lectured in Kitchener (Ontario), and had another pleasant experience. When I tried to open my attaché case at a lecture the zip tore off. The case was an old one I had bought at Woolworth's in London. After my lecture one of my audience asked, in a rather humble way, to grant him a favour and take his attaché case, a brand-new one of beautiful pigskin. It was impossible to decline that generous offer, for it would have hurt him if I did. Undoubtedly such a nation will play an ever increasing role in preserving the best traditions of Mother Europe. I was glad to know that Canada is amongst the leading nations in the British Commonwealth in the growth of population. At the end of the nineteenth century there were less than 5½ million. By 1931 they had doubled, and thenceforward increased on an average of 11 per cent. per decade. To-day Canada, a country larger than Europe and wealthier in natural resources, has a population one-third larger than Greater London. Her riches are awaiting hands to develop them, and immigrants are generously helped.

The first and second world wars brought vast changes. At the start of the former the feeling of Imperial cohesion was strong, while the interest in international affairs lagged behind. Canada's growth was as spectacular as that of the U.S.A. Two transcontinental railways were completed and a third was under construction. Six weeks after the outbreak of war troops were on the way to England—Canadian units under Canadian command. By 1928 Canada was the fifth largest exporting nation, and the general standard of living was only slightly lower than in the U.S.A. By the end of the war the strong feeling of national independence led to the exchanging of High Commissioners with other Dominions and to the appointment of a British High Commissioner in Ottawa. The United Kingdom became the chief customer. In the field of foreign affairs Canada assumed the responsibilities of a nation which had achieved nationhood. Legations were opened in Washington, Tokyo, Peru and Brussels.

In the second world war conscription was introduced despite the tradition of voluntary service. By September 1939 the first Canadian division was back in England and by the spring of 1943 there was an impressive highly trained army. The enormous vitality of the nation was revealed in the fact that in spite of the armed forces claiming about 38 per cent. of the population of 18 to 45, production reached undreamed-of levels. The farm output increased by 40 per cent. Canada moved to the fourth place as producer of weapons and war materials, became the

world's foremost producer of nickel, asbestos, platinum, radium and newsprint, and by 1944 was the second largest exporting nation in the world. She did not receive Lend Lease but paid for every item. But here she had to face a new challenge : her export trade was abnormal in volume and direction owing to the war. Drastic changes being required, she set out to attain a balanced programme. By 1947 her foreign debt was reduced to less than four billion dollars compared with over six billion in 1930. Prices and wages were decontrolled. Since the average rate of increase in wages roughly paralleled the increase in the cost of living, the great majority of workers fare as well to-day as in 1945.

Canada is a land of immigrants of different races, all of whom have found a happy home, helping each other and their respective mother countries. Their deep-seated patriotism is first and foremost to Canada. The idea was well formulated by John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir, when Governor-General. Visiting the Prairie Provinces, inhabited chiefly by people of Ukrainian origin, he spoke to them in English and Ukrainian : "To be a good Canadian you must be good Ukrainians first." His memory is highly venerated throughout Canada. Perhaps the appeal helped to persuade the Ukrainians to provide the highest percentage of volunteers in the overseas forces in the second world war.

Canada possesses everything needed for success within her borders and for helping the wider world. There are four distinct zones complementary to each other. The first is the Maritime Provinces on the Atlantic coast, with endless supplies of timber, fish, fruit, coal, iron, all in quantities sufficient for large exports. The superb ports of Halifax and St. John take over in winter seaborne exports from frozen Montreal, the chief port of Canada. The second zone is the centre, with the two largest provinces, Quebec and Ontario. A happy co-operation exists between the French culture surviving in Quebec and that of Ontario, with its Loyalist tradition of a United Empire of English-speaking Canadians. These provinces are the chief areas of manufacturing and mining, with a background of prosperous farming, fruit and dairy cultivation. They have plenty of water from the St. Lawrence, which connects them directly with the markets of Europe. Together they contain two-thirds of the population. The third zone, moving westward, is the Prairie Provinces, the finest wheat-producing areas in the world, which were linked with foreign markets by the Canadian Pacific Railway completed in 1885. To-day they prosper with stock breeding, coal mining, gold finding, and minerals such as radium, uranium and oil. When I visited those areas last autumn it recalled the good old days of the gold rush. Farmers found themselves in possession of spurting oil fields all over their agricultural land and became millionaires overnight. Yet wheat retains the first place.

Last, and by no means least, divided from the rest by the beautiful scenery of the Rockies, is the paradise called British Columbia, which in 1871 had only 36,000 citizens. Foreseeing its possibilities, the Dominion, in conjunction with the province, constructed a railway from Montreal, a distance of 2,900 miles. The natural wealth is enormous ; coal and ferrous metals, gold and silver mines, forest, fisheries and Douglas fir, excellent fruit. It possesses the best port on the Pacific in Van-

couver, a trading centre with Australia, New Zealand, the Orient, which plays the same role in the West as Halifax and St. John in Nova Scotia. It has a climate like the French Riviera. Canada is divided in her economic activities by a great natural barrier, the Rockies, now overcome by modern methods of transport. Such barriers have no place on the U.S.A. 4,000-mile frontier. Henry Ford in Detroit employs Canadian workers across the river. Most Canadians, indeed, live less than fifty miles from the U.S.A. In mind, race, language and religion Canadians, in spite of all differences, are united in one whole. In Quebec I was asked in a very courteous but definite way to address my audiences in French, which I did to their delight. Their attitude resembled that of the Swiss, who speak three different languages and yet are solidly knit in one highly patriotic nation.

The English-speaking immigrants have been settled in Nova Scotia since 1625. They called themselves United Empire Loyalists, but mass English immigration began with the American Revolutionary War when, leaving the new State, they spread north of lakes Erie and Ontario. They were bitterly anti-American and proudly British, and this tradition remains. For instance, some English-Canadian school-books are still written in the Loyalist tradition. The French immigration started during the French Revolution—also victims of persecution like those of Ukrainian origin. Hence, a strong conservatism prevails with all of them, not in the party sense but in questions of religion, nationality and their approach to life in general, amalgamated with the liberal sense of progress. The Liberal Government in this sense is the mirror and true representative of the vast majority. To-day 50 per cent of the population is of British origin, 30 per cent. French, 15 per cent. German, 3 per cent. Ukrainians and Poles, Balts and Balkan peoples. In the second generation all became purely English-speaking. The religion of their fathers still binds them to the traditions of their country. Thus, Ukrainians are either strong Greek Catholics or strong Greek Orthodox, German Menonites, Roumanian Greek Orthodox and so on. One sees, especially in the Prairie Provinces, whole streets with their picturesque churches reminding one of Europe, and the familiar costumes, dances, songs of their old homes.

The average English-speaking Canadian sheds his fear of the U.S.A., and the attachment to their countries of origin is purely sentimental. The British connection carries with it not merely a feeling of affection and loyalty to the Crown but also a recognition that good business is highly profitable for both parties. The structure of Government is organic and evolutionary and seems to be admirably suited to those proud people. The Canadian Constitution, like the British, is mostly based on unwritten law, but there is also an accepted machinery for amending and amendments are frequent. Divergences occur between the provinces and the Federal Government, but long discussions confirmed the wisdom of the saying that: "*Du choc des opinions jaillit la vérité*," and the golden mean was found and applied. Indeed, healthy liberal compromise predominates with the Canadian nation, healthy and fair for all parties concerned. Canada is predominantly a nation of practical idealists.

VLADIMIR DE KOROSTOVETZ.

SURVIVING DICKENS LONDON

THE Festival of Britain may bring from the United States of America and our Commonwealth countries many visitors who know more than the average Londoner about the works of Charles Dickens. This forecast is based upon a long experience of contact with tourists from those lands. The holidaymaker from across the Atlantic who does not ask to be shown some Dickens backgrounds is in a minority. The one who makes no understanding response when such places are named is rare. In spite of air raids there is still enough topographical material to fill a day's exploration of Dickens London. Before setting out it is worth while examining that definition to see what it means in terms of time and space. Two of his novels; *Barnaby Rudge* and *A Tale of Two Cities*, look back to times preceding his own. They both open in 1775. This, then, is the beginning of the Dickens period. As he died in 1870 this year is its end. Thus it appears that his life and work cover ninety-five years. They embrace some years of George III's reign, the whole of the Regency, all of George IV's reign, all of William IV's and thirty-three years of the Victorian era.

The area of Dickens London is covered nowadays by what we call Inner London, with those inner suburbs which were outer suburbs in his time. It was constantly expanding, but for the present purpose of describing outlines the year 1850 might be taken. Dickens was then in his thirty-ninth year and living at 1, Devonshire Terrace, a house still standing at the junction of High Street, Marylebone and the Marylebone Road, called the New Road in those days. The London of the mid-century may also be regarded as that of David Copperfield's manhood, for his life-story runs chronologically concurrent with that of his author. What was virtually the metropolis was not officially defined as such. Only the City was entitled to the name of London. Outside the ancient boundaries the definition did not apply. The Metropolitan Police District had been drawn in 1829 and had later been enlarged, but it was not taken to define London in the general sense, for some quite rural areas were included in it. Not until the Local Government Act of 1888 did the larger London become a distinct and official entity. According to the maps of the period as well as by common consent, the London of 1850 consisted of the City, Westminster (itself then a city only by usage; its Royal Charter came later), the Borough of Southwark, and the numerous parishes into which the population had overflowed. This was the London of Dickens. It extended north to south from Camden Town and Islington to Stockwell and Camberwell; and east to west from Rotherhithe and Limehouse to Brompton and just beyond the Edgware Road. When John and Elizabeth Dickens had brought their family from Chatham to London in the early 1820s its population was about one and a quarter million. In 1850 it was just over two million. When Dickens left London to reside at Gad's Hill Place near Rochester, in 1860, the metropolitan population was nearly three million.

Barnaby Rudge, written before *A Tale of Two Cities*, claims first consideration. Paper Buildings in the Temple were erected in the

1840s, replacing those chambers of the same name in which Sir John Chester lived. Maypole Hugh, when he went to visit that elegant knight, knocked first upon Middle Temple Gate. He could do the same to-day, for it survives. Just before knocking Hugh had heard St. Dunstan's clock strike the hour. Temple Bar itself, nearby, was not better known to Londoners than this huge timepiece projecting from the wall of St. Dunstan-in-the-West. For a hundred years it had been there, and its bell-smiting giants were among the sights of the town. They still deserve inclusion in that category, for early in our own century this Fleet Street relic gave its name to an institution which has become more famous than the ancient clock itself, as the following story explains. In the days of the former edifice the Marquis of Hertford was taken as a boy to see the clock and its performing giants. The sight pleased him so much that he declared—in the manner of children—that some day he would buy it. In his manhood the opportunity came, for when the building was demolished about 1830 and a new church erected the clock and its bells and figures were auctioned. The Marquis bought them and placed them in the grounds of his new villa in Regent's Park. He then named the house St. Dunstan's Villa. As everyone knows, during the first world war this house became a hostel for men who had been blinded on active service. Thanks to Lord Rothermere the clock was brought back to its original position in Fleet Street in 1935 after having been absent for a hundred years.

A few minutes' walk eastward brings us to Wine Office Court, with its seventeenth-century tavern, the "Cheshire Cheese," plainly indicated though not named in *A Tale of Two Cities*. After Charles Darnay's acquittal at the Old Bailey he and Sydney Carton went to Fleet Street and "up a covered way into a tavern" to dine. This house was built just after the Great Fire of 1666 and is to-day substantially the same as it was originally. With its quaint exterior, its well-worn doorstep reverently protected by a grid, and the long list of Sovereigns under which it has flourished this hostelry needs no extrinsic associations, actual or fictitious, to make it attractive to tourists.

The church of St. Mary-le-Strand survives intact, reminding us that here in 1809 a clerk from the Navy Pay Office just across the road in Somerset House married Elizabeth Barrow, sister of a fellow clerk. The church register shows that young John Dickens nervously began to sign on the wrong line, getting as far as Jo before someone put him right. The second child of the marriage, Charles John Huffam Dickens, was in 1824 a day scholar at a small school pretentiously named Wellington House Academy, at the corner of Granby Street, Hampstead Road. This residence still stands, though marked for demolition, but the schoolroom was cleared away when the railroad from London to Birmingham was made in the 1830s. Charles Dickens's first business situation was that of junior clerk in the office of solicitors at 1, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. These premises, which are on the Theobalds Road side of the Inn, have been heavily bombed. In 1836 Dickens was living in bachelor's rooms at Furnival's Inn, Holborn, where the offices of the Prudential Assurance Company stand to-day. His residence here is commemorated by a bust which can be found by

going under the archway. On April 2nd, 1836, he married Catherine Thomson Hogarth at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, a graceful structure which has survived the war unharmed. After a honeymoon in Kent they began housekeeping at Furnival's Inn.

During the Furnival's Inn days his first book, *Sketches by Boz*, was published. These lively pieces about "Everyday Life and Everyday People" had appeared in various periodical publications. The tale entitled *The Bloomsbury Christening* describes a ceremony in St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. (Hart Street has been renamed Bloomsbury Way.) Overseas visitors would probably be interested in this early eighteenth-century edifice by Hawksmoor, for it possesses London's oddest steeple. This is shaped rather like a pyramid and surmounted by a figure of King George I in Roman costume. Horace Walpole called it a "master-stroke of absurdity."

In the spring of 1837 Mr. and Mrs. Dickens with their first-born, a son, moved to 48, Doughty Street, Bloomsbury. This short thoroughfare with its sedate late-eighteenth-century houses was then a high-class street, with a gate at each end guarded by a uniformed porter. Even to-day it has an air of suburban seclusion. Almost every visitor to London would appreciate being taken to this house, which is open to the public daily except Sundays. Perhaps the most attractive of its many exhibits is a page of the original manuscript of *The Pickwick Papers*. This immensely valuable relic describes in part the servants' "swarry" at which Sam Weller was a rather irreverent guest. Dickens rose to the summit of fame in the Doughty Street period. Here he concluded *The Pickwick Papers* and here (except for parts during holiday vacations) he wrote *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Doubtless many tourists would regard "The George and Vulture" as the most interesting of the Pickwick relics. In this City hostelry Samuel Pickwick lived after his victimisation by Mrs. Bardell. This ancient inn, now a City men's restaurant (and also, by the way, headquarters of an exclusive Pickwick Club), is the same interiorly as it was in Dickens's time. The overseas visitor should be shown the two parish boundary marks in the dining room. He might like to take his soup in one City boundary and, by moving a few feet, his main dish in another! One of Cruikshank's illustrations to *Oliver Twist* can be vividly recalled by going, preferably after dark, to the riverside steps at the south end of London Bridge. Here Nancy had a meeting with Mr. Brownlow and Rose Maylie, while the eavesdropper, Noah Claypole, stood behind an angle which can still be identified. This meeting, when Sikes heard of it, cost Nancy her life. Towards the end of the Doughty Street days Daniel Maclise (later an R.A.) painted a portrait of Dickens; an engraving of this work formed the frontispiece of *Nicholas Nickleby* in volume form. A year afterwards, in 1840, this painting was exhibited at the Royal Academy. To-day it may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery.

At the end of 1839 Charles and Catherine Dickens and their son and two daughters moved from Doughty Street to the Devonshire Terrace residence already mentioned. This house is now used as a dancing academy, with the full approval—we may imagine—of the

Inimitable's ghost. The *Old Curiosity Shop* was the first novel written here. Visitors to London who are thoroughly versed in this book will not expect to be shown the authentic shop of the story. They will know that the penultimate paragraph states that "The old house had been long ago pulled down." They might like to know, however, that the original shop stood at the corner of Green Street (now Irving Street) and Castle Street, which disappeared when Charing Cross Road was constructed in mid-Victorian times. It was from the Devonshire Terrace house that Dickens and his wife went to the United States early in 1842. At one of the many banquets in his honour Dickens proposed this toast: "America and England—May they never have any division but the Atlantic between them!"

Martin Chuzzlewit recalls the Temple precincts again, particularly Fountain Court, where John Westlock's love for Ruth Pinch blossomed unseen even by her devoted brother Tom. This part of the Dickensian pilgrimage must needs be sad, for war's ravages are visible on every hand. In contrast, there could hardly be a more delightful reminder of a Dickens story than the veritable "Little Wooden Midshipman," of *Dombey and Son*, his next full-length novel. The old trade sign was seen by Dickens outside a nautical instrument-maker's shop in Leadenhall Street. Much later this establishment moved to the Minories where the figure was on view until the second world war, when it was removed to a place of safety. At the moment of writing it is on loan to the Dickens House. The effigy, although described by the novelist as a midshipman, represents a naval officer in a uniform of Nelson's time. With the masterpiece, *David Copperfield*, in mind the devoted tourist might well be taken on the Thames to Putney, where Dora Spenslow lived with her two little elderly aunts. The parish church in which David and Dora were married is intact; but it will not be found to correspond with the illustration entitled "I am Married," by "Phiz."

In 1851 Dickens with his wife and eight children moved to Tavistock House, Tavistock Square. The huge offices of the British Medical Association are on the site of the house, but its garden is still open ground and can be seen from the top of a passing 'bus. *Bleak House* was written here. The Old Hall of Lincoln's Inn survives, and so does its ancient gateway in Chancery Lane. *Little Dorrit* takes us across London Bridge into Southwark. London's last stage-coaching inn, the "George," has many historical and literary associations besides the fact—or rather the fiction—that Amy Dorrit's ne'er-do-well brother Tip wrote a letter to Mr. Clennam there. *Great Expectations* began to appear serially in 1860 while Dickens was living at Gad's Hill Place, near Rochester, to which he had moved in that year. Mentioned in this work as the home of Jaggers, the lawyer, is a house in Gerrard Street, Soho. As a boy Dickens used to visit this street frequently to see an uncle. Several fine early eighteenth-century houses here are still in use. *Our Mutual Friend*, the author's last completed novel, shows us London of the 1860s, the last decade of his life. Jenny Wren, the doll's dressmaker of the story, lived at Millbank in one of "some little quiet houses in a row," just off Smith Square. Though Millbank

has been vastly modernised the explorer will have no difficulty in identifying this street, which remains as quiet as ever. At the end of the list comes the unfinished *Mystery of Edwin Drood*. The last London house described by Dickens, that of Mr. Grewgious, the kindly old lawyer of Staple Inn, was completely destroyed by a flying bomb which wiped out the entire inner quadrangle. Only a few of the Tudor houses remain. Dickens died at Gad's Hill Place on June 9th, 1870. He was buried in the South Transept of Westminster Abbey on the 14th. All our visitors who make a pilgrimage to Poet's Corner will rejoice to find the grave undamaged.

OLIVER D. SAVAGE.

KESTRELS

THERE is scarcely a human life that has not been influenced at some point by its own especial "Bruce's spider." It may be the most trifling incident bearing a significance recognised only in retrospect, and taking an example from my own experience the choice of a home was largely determined by the evolutions of a kestrel. That particular kestrel was suspended in air one spring morning against a background of dark woodland attached to a country house then in the market. The bird was dismissed by the caretaker of the house as merely a "red hawk, a nailer for chicken," but it proved the most determining factor in the disposal of the property. The beautiful wild falcon lent the one touch required to make a picture, already attractive, irresistible, and so at the same time demonstrated the value of colourful animal life to a countryside which has lost too much of its fauna.

"Colourful," indeed, is essentially the kestrel's adjective, the little red falcon being nothing if not ornamental. There are more spectacular ouccaneers. In the woods or along the coastline the dramatic element is supplied by the sparrowhawk and the peregrine, while in the West Country, for sheer beauty of flight, the kestrel is outclassed by that matchless aeronaut the buzzard. Between one bird and another, however, comparison is only misleading, since each has its own role to play. Lofty ascents into the limitless airfields make no appeal to the kestrel, whose wings are in frequent use at lower levels, for necessity rather than for pleasure. Again, the buzzard, like the vulture that he represents in miniature, must overlook a vast panorama in order to detect the carcase which, once espied, will satisfy his needs for several days, leaving ample time for pleasure-cruising upon the blue air. The kestrel, on the contrary, feeds lightly and often, and to collect his varied menu must descend to the green fields of earth, where lurk the mammals and insects invisible from cloudland. Accordingly he cruises low, often little above treetop level, his bright plumage contrasting harmoniously with green foliage or brown hillside, and although his elaborate technique when hunting mouse or grasshopper seems a trifle overdone at times, he certainly conforms to the great natural principle that anything worth doing at all is worth doing beautifully.

Conventionally, the kestrel is a hunter of fur rather than feather,

although his behaviour, like that of the buzzard, depends upon individual tendencies. As a species, it cannot by any means be justly termed a "nailer for chicken." None the less, certain birds, or sometimes even a strain, may develop habits to which the gamekeeper or farmer's wife takes justifiable exception. By nature and within their capacity rapacious birds prey upon the wild life indigenous to their habitat. When this is supplemented artificially, as by poultry or game-chicks they may discover that the artificial element offers an easier livelihood. This is particularly liable to happen when chicken are turned out to run upon the stubbles over which the hawks or falcons habitually quarter. Even so, it is the exception rather than the rule for either kestrel or buzzard to turn poultry-thief, although here, as ever, the reputation of an innocent majority may suffer through the misdeeds of a few.

Although more confiding than the sparrowhawk in so far that he does not shun observation with such assiduous care, the kestrel is not so bold. He lacks the ferocious courage which enables the sparrowhawk to pursue the chase to the finish, no matter where it may lead; and while the sparrowhawk will follow a bird into a house if necessary, or fearlessly snatch chicken from a cottage doorstep, a kestrel seldom ventures very near an occupied building. The London kestrels which have lately aroused considerable interest are, of course, a case apart from the bird life of big cities where there are no guns and few natural enemies being another question altogether. In town or country, however, hunger recognises no law, and I well remember one occasion when a group of small birds, feeding on a Yorkshire window sill, was suddenly scattered by a kestrel which dropped like a red whirlwind into it, amidst, sweeping away one of the party with the velocity and dash of a peregrine. Deep snow lay upon the ground at the time, and it is possible that the falcon, cut off from his customary source of mice, was obliged thus to vary the bill of fare. Upon the other hand, the same bird (presumably) was seen to kill a song thrush on an open field a few days later, and circumstances suggested habitual departure from rule, or an original "break away," not uncommon among highly individualised animals.

In a certain broadcast, repeated once or twice during the past few years, the killing of a stoat by a kestrel was dramatically described. That must have been "some" kestrel, the stoat being a quarry which few wild hunters and, indeed, few dogs care to tackle. In reality, the little red falcon's natural game closely resembles that of the barn owl, and up to a certain point a kestrel might be regarded as an owl's understudy, taking over when that assiduous controller of rodent life abandons work at daybreak. Indeed, although representatives of entirely different families, the two species have much in common, and of this I have recently seen a curious example.

Not far from my home is a lonely ruinous cottage, abandoned for many years as a human habitation because of its isolated situation, and long since appropriated by barn owls, jackdaws, rabbits and the numerous other wild creatures which turn man's forsaken work to account. Last summer the owls surrendered a tenancy of twenty years' duration, and in their place two kestrels appeared. Their story

was interesting. I owed the discovery of their nest in the first place to two village boys who had just removed the one egg which it contained. Under my surveillance they restored the egg, but later returned surreptitiously and took it again, upon which I naturally assumed that the story of the nest had ended. When the first of a clutch, or one egg of two, is taken, a wild bird almost invariably forsakes. Indeed, I had never known an instance to the contrary, and was therefore astonished to find the kestrel in possession a few days later.

She had laid and was incubating three more eggs in the nest which, by no stretch of the imagination, could really be described as a nest at all, being merely a hollow on the top of the masonry beside a small, paneless window. This gives access to an upstairs room upon the dilapidated ceiling of which two pairs of jackdaws also had nests, being compelled to pass within a foot or so of the brooding falcon every time they entered or left. One might have expected constant friction, and certainly the pilfering of the kestrel's eggs if left unguarded for a moment. The peaceable relations which, on the contrary, appeared to exist gave food for thought. Upon reflection I could not, nor can now, recall an example of conflict between jackdaws and other birds during the breeding season. Hawks, falcons and owls are attacked by almost anything else. Crows, ravens and rooks attack one another. Curlews and lapwings take vigorous action against any hawk or any member of the crow family—except a jackdaw. I have noticed jackdaws walking about unchallenged upon a rock-face among innumerable young herring gulls whose parents I had also seen batter a young raven to death and chase a peregrine falcon out of sight and hearing.

For this there must be a reason. The jackdaw does not himself bother other birds in fear for his own nest, since he usually builds in holes well out of their way, but why, one wonders, does no bird seem to object to him alone of his order? He has a bad name as a nest-robber, but may not this be largely unearned, since he lives upon such amicable terms with his neighbours? However that may be, tranquil relations prevailed to the end between jackdaws and kestrels. Two young falcons were hatched and eventually took wing without untoward incident of any kind. It might be interesting to add that food brought to the nest consisted entirely of rodents. There was not a feather among the remains, all of which could be examined without difficulty. After the young had quitted the nest, however, small birds were occasionally added to the menu, a blue-tit once being delivered to a fledgling perched in full view upon an old cob wall.

We could not help contrasting the friendly relations between these kestrels and jackdaws with those which habitually exist between kestrels and magpies—perennial enemies, although and possibly because a kestrel sometimes makes use of a magpie's nest. Since the nest is old as a rule when requisitioned, however, there are doubtless other reasons for so pronounced a vendetta, one being the possible purloining of the kestrel's eggs by the magpie. This cannot often occur, of course, and apart from mankind—mainly represented by clutch-collecting boys—the kestrel has very few dangerous enemies. I have seen its unmistakable egg shells amongst the heterogeneous collection

in a stoat's larder, which circumstance, by the way, seems scarcely compatible with the stoat-killing story already mentioned. Despite the depredations of either human or natural enemies, however, the species certainly should be more abundant than is actually the case. Although widely distributed, it is nowhere really common—as is the buzzard for example, in the western counties—and one can only attribute its limited representation to lack of that racial tenacity which enables some animals to multiply while others equally well placed can scarcely hold their own.

Returning to nests, personal observation suggests that the abandoned nursery of a carrion crow is preferred, particularly when built in a Scotch pine, like that described in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Outlook again, is essential to a kestrel, the place chosen for an eyrie almost invariably commanding a view. He dislikes a wood unless a nest in the crown of the tallest tree is available. Exposed spinneys or lone pine in a hedgerow are more to his taste, and whenever possible he prefers rocks or precipices to trees of any kind, being primarily a creature of the open. Upon rocks he dispenses with any nest, like the birds in the ruined cottage, this habit conflicting with a kestrel's predilection for the elaborate and wool-lined—although second-hand—nest of a crow.

The cry of a kestrel is a shrill but not unmusical chatter, rather like that of a sparrowhawk—the one point of resemblance between the two species, which in general character and behaviour could scarcely differ more notably. While the sparrowhawk plays a long hand, dissolving partnership with its brood as soon as fledged, the “red hawk” is a family bird. Indeed, from an observer's point of view, the most attractive passage in the kestrel's picturesque history is the period shortly after the young have left the nest. Upon acquiring full wing power, they behave in a manner which is, I think, unique among wild birds. They give an impression of almost playing in the air as fox-cubs play on the ground, and take frequent family joy flights with all the zest of boys released from school. The little company of four or five fledglings graceful even in their immature plumage, sweeps in wide circles over the surrounding country, like a flock of tame pigeons circling its dovecote, and, like pigeons again upon a more spectacular scale, returning eventually to their original perches to gather inspiration for fresh flights. One can compare the entire proceeding only with the twilight evolution of swifts, the difference being that while swifts rise screaming to meet the first pale stars, young kestrels mount into the sunlight, with cries as joyous and the same frenzied abandonment. Even when they have passed the exuberant period which is very brief in the wild, the young birds do not necessarily part company. On the contrary, kestrels frequently hunt in family parties, and in late summer one may see six or seven of the beautiful birds quartering a hillside for mice, like a human family in search of mushrooms. While the human beings may find no edible fungi, however, the kestrels will certainly catch as many mice as they need. Mouse-hunting, indeed, is the “red hawk's” principal function in life, although one might consider him too decorative a bird for so unromantic a vocation.

D. ST. LEGER-GORDON.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO

THE first permanent English settlement in North America was made at Jamestown, Virginia, in the year 1607. The first Negro slaves brought into the area of English colonisation were landed at Jamestown late in 1619 or early in 1620. Thus early the Negro slave was introduced into English America. In Spanish America, Negro slavery dates from 1501. Slavery came to an end in the United States with the Civil War, 1861-65. The Negro, therefore, began his career as a freedman under the demoralisation incident to a prolonged and bitter civil war. He had the further disadvantage of standing between the two divisions of the estranged White race, the immediate cause of their hostility. A further disadvantage, of first magnitude, grew out of the characteristics of many Northern Whites who followed the Northern armies—the “carpet baggers”—who contributed some of the worst aspects of the reconstruction period.

The matter of supreme importance for the present study is the fact that during the slavery period a very considerable part of the Negro population became of mixed blood. It is not possible to learn the exact extent of this racial intermixture, but three subsequent census enumerations dealing with it furnish a basis of fact sufficiently definite and sufficiently accurate for practical purposes. The enumerations of 1870, 1890 and 1910 take account of the Mulatto as a distinct element in the Negro population and afford the most reliable information available covering this matter. There is a consistent rate of increase shown in the Mulatto population that gives a presumption of accuracy lacking in earlier enumerations, and especially lacking in the last attempt, made by the census of 1920, to deal with the Mulatto, as distinguished from the full-blood Negro. The rate of increase in the Mulatto group is given for the three enumerations as follows :

1870—	584,049	Mulattoes,	composing	12.0%	of the Negro population
1890—	1,132,060	„	„	15.2%	„ „ „
1910—	2,050,686	„	„	20.9%	„ „ „

It thus appears that the first twenty years of freedom virtually duplicated in racial intermixture the results of the whole period of slavery, with the period of the Civil War included—250 years ! Virtually the same rate of increase is shown for each of the succeeding twenty-year periods, fully warranting the conclusion that each twenty-year period of freedom is virtually duplicating, in racial intermixture, the results of the entire preceding time that the races had been in contact here. This rate of increase, applied to the present status, gives an expectation of slightly more than seven million Mulattoes for 1950. There is reason to believe that, startling as it is, this figure is rather conservative, but, even so, it should prove very impressive. The census figures show clearly that a vast and vitally important population change is occurring, a fact apparent to all observers. The conditions under which this change is occurring, the factors promoting it, its social effects, its racial results—these, and vastly more, enter into any thorough analysis of the Mulatto problem in the United States.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-five was, for the Negro group, a time of

supreme crisis. What was to be the Negro's future? What ideals were to prevail in that future? Freedom had come to the Negro through no effort of his own. Had it come as the result of a prolonged struggle upon his part, that struggle would have fixed many of his practical problems, and determined largely his outlook. As it was, his practices, his problems, his outlook, his ideals were largely mediated to him and those undertaking his guidance failed to guard the fundamentals. They failed to impart to the freedman a sane racial pride leading to definite effort to preserve his race. The family had small place in his African background. Slavery brought improvement at this point, but the Negro family of 1865 was far from ideal. The grave need of the freedman was for a pure home and family life. Failure he laid the foundation for, and greatly increased, present unfortunate developments. In this crisis the matter of leadership was of vital importance. Emancipation did not make the matter of leadership altogether open field. Precedents had been established under slavery and there had come to be a distinction between the full-blood Negro and the Mulatto, advantageous to the latter. The few Negroes who had co-operated with the anti-slavery leaders were, with very few exceptions, Mulattoes. Very few full-blood Negroes are named among the leaders of the race between 1840 and 1870. There have been relatively few since 1870. There was little concern shown for the Negro as a race.

While the figures already given indicate clearly the rapid progress of the amalgamation of the White and the Negro races in the United States, a more detailed statement makes it easier to grasp the full significance of the present situation. Fortunately, there is a study available which goes into details and thus brings the whole matter of Mulatto leadership under review. Professor E. B. Reuter made a study some years ago which covers the field and which, although made more than thirty years ago, retains its value. This study deals with the members of the race who had achieved status and recognition in the topmost group of the race; 4,291 individuals were considered and classified. Of these 447 were considered black—presumably full-blood Negroes—while 3,844 were classified as Mulatto—mixed blood. The study was made in 1915-16. The situation has not improved since that date.

Professor Reuter* added greatly to the value of his book by giving facts in reference to the dominance of the Mulatto in business, politics, in education and in religion. He is a scientist, interested in "what is," rather than a moralist, interested in "what should be," he states facts, with no attempt to interpret these facts in terms of results in morals or in religion. This attitude makes his work a source book rather than a complete discussion.

In the realm of business 158 predominantly successful members of the race were considered. Of these, twelve were classified as Black and 146 as Mulatto. Of thirty-nine bank presidents, four were classified as Black and thirty-five as Mulatto. The officers of the National Negro Business League are given as one Black and eleven Mulatto; its executive

* See *The Mulatto in the United States*. By Edward Byron Reuter. The Gorham Press, Boston, Mass. Further quotations and references are to this volume.

ve committee, fourteen in number, were all Mulatto; the life members numbered 235. Of these the classification of sixteen was not secured. Seventeen were Black and 202 Mulatto.

In the realm of politics the Mulatto is especially prominent. Of the two Negroes who have been members of the United States Senate, one is classed as a Mulatto and the other as Negro-Croatian Indian. Of the twenty who had held membership in the House of Representatives, three were Black and seventeen were Mulattoes. Of 597 Negroes employed in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, Washington City, classified by the writer, 486 were Mulattoes, 105 were full-blood Negroes, with six unclassified. Many Mulattoes are employed throughout the States as mail clerks and in various other positions controlled by the Federal Government, positions which have brought them prominently before the Negro people.

In the educational sphere the prominence of the Mulatto is especially evident. The higher grade institutions of learning maintained for, or by, the Negro are dominated by the Mulatto, both in teaching force and in their student groups. Professor Reuter found that in 1916 there were enrolled in twenty-five Negro colleges and universities 1,172 students, 7,567 of whom were classed as Mulattoes and 1,605 as "black," not necessarily full-blood, Negroes. Of the celebrated Tuskegee Institute he writes: "This school has a teaching force of approximately 100. Of this number, nine, none of whom is in high position, are Negroes who generally pass as full blood. One hundred and eighty-four are persons of mixed blood." Of this school Mr. William Archer, an English writer, has this to say: "Indeed, I saw no one in high position at Tuskegee who would not, with small lightening of hue, have been taken for a white man." This institution was founded by Dr. Booker T. Washington, son of a full-blood Negro woman and an unidentified White man. Very few Negro educators of note are full blood. Many of them are initial increment Mulattoes. Morgan College, Baltimore, Maryland, is credited with 450 students, all Mulatto. No one of the schools included in Professor Reuter's study failed to show a very large majority of students of mixed blood. It is in such schools that the Mulatto leaders of the race were trained in the past and are being trained at the present time. The full-blood Negro has small place in the schools of the race in the South and very few of them reach the educational institutions of the North.

It is in the realm of religion that the Mulatto dominates most completely. Of that group of Negro preachers composed of those most prominent in the United States and numbering 580 persons, ninety-five are considered full blood and "485 are known to be Mulattoes." More in detail are the following: In 1914 the nine bishops of the coloured Methodist Episcopal Church were all Mulattoes. Of eleven general officers of this church nine were Mulattoes, with two unclassified. Of the twenty-seven bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, four were classed as Black and twenty-three as Mulatto. Of the eight bishops of the African Methodist Zion Church, two were classed as Black and six as Mulatto. The officers of the National Baptist Convention (coloured), twelve in number, are all given as Mulatto, and so are the

five general officers of the New England Baptist Convention (coloured

The above examples are typical of the entire situation in the United States. The question arises as to how far the Negro is aware of the true situation and to what extent this leadership of the mixed blood is responsible for cases of initial amalgamation. Several writers insist that this initial increment is now so small as to be a negligible factor in the race problem. This increment has never been large relatively, but it exists and, at the present rate, is a deciding factor determining the ultimate outcome of racial intermixture here. Even though the situation wholly escapes his notice and the full-blood Negro remains therefore, unconscious of its true significance, his education, his religious instruction, fail dismally in the matter of implanting personal and racial self-respect. The full-blood Negro does not have a fair chance in those educational institutions where his teachers are partially White and the student body overwhelmingly Mulatto. Under present conditions, especially under present leadership, there is little to convince the full-blood Negro that his racial integrity is worth preserving.

Major E. S. Cox, in a pamphlet entitled *The South's Part in Mongrelising the Nation*, writes: "The most subtle, as it is the most dangerous, miscegenationist trend in the South at the present time operates under the cloak of Christianity." Others are being driven to the same conclusion. Due to this universal suspension of moral and ethical principles in so far as the Negro is concerned, there is grave danger that, as this situation comes to be generally understood, the moral leadership of the Churches will suffer because of this failure to deal directly and effectively with Negro illegitimacy and with amalgamation. Against the grave wrong of miscegenation, everywhere apparent, has been interposed only silence. The work of the Churches, even Christianity itself, must be evaluated by the results produced. The outstanding result of eighty-five years of freedom is this failure to give to the full-blood Negro in the United States a sane racial pride and outlook, together with a compelling zeal for his racial preservation. Under Mulatto domination, such leadership will not develop.

A grave difficulty arises concerning what may be termed the *diffusion* as contrasted with the *initial increment*, Mulatto. In the case of the former the infusion of White blood may have occurred several generations ago and may have been followed by several generations observing strictly the moral law and the accepted social customs. These deserve great credit, but in so far as the influence upon the full-blood Negro is concerned this distinction in the origin of the mixed blood has an almost negligible value. The colour of the Mulatto indicates clearly the fact of blood mixture and, with present lack of analysis, this alone is considered. This distinction between the initial increment and the diffusion Mulatto is not made by the Negro, by the Mulatto, or by the White. In so far as the interests of the Mulatto are concerned, the matter of race preservation must be balanced against them, for the two are antagonistic. The further matter of the ideals, the morals, of the others concerned must be considered. It is not possible for the White group in the United States to absorb 15 million Negroes, almost wholly through illegitimacy, without very grave moral and social consequences.

a grave increase in illegitimacy is already noted. There is now a Christian Ministry already silent in the face of this and in the face of the moral problems involved in miscegenation.

A review of the entire racial situation in the United States leads to the conviction that the supreme tragedy of the Mulatto lies in the fact that the greater his ability, the more creditable his achievements, the more outstanding his leadership, the graver menace he becomes to the Negro as a race. He is an example of successful disregard of fundamental social and religious sanctions. The influence, the effect, of miscegenation becomes destructively atmospheric even when there is no clear analysis of what is involved.

Professor Reuter has reached the conclusion that the prospects of the Mulatto child are to those of the full-blood Negro child as thirty-four to one. All Mulattoes, however, do not succeed, nor do all lead creditable lives. Very many find the infusion of White blood really destructive. It brings, for them, an unrealisable outlook and ambitions impossible of attainment, resulting in frustration. Mulatto women, many of them, must meet conditions from which the full-blood Negro woman is shielded, or exempt, and the results are often deplorable.

As an aside, we may call attention to a valued precedent in emancipation. Indeed, two cases of emancipation may be compared profitably. The Israelites were freed from bondage in Egypt and prepared, under Divine guidance, for an independent national status. Forty years in the "wilderness" served two purposes: the people who had been slaves, suffering the repressions and the depressions of bondage, died and a new generation succeeded. This second group had the advantage of instruction in the law and of training in other matters essential to their prosperity. Among the laws given to these people was one calculated to preserve the sanctity of the "Congregation of the Lord" and, at the same time, to strengthen the institution of the family. It reads: "A bastard shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord. To his tenth generation shall he not enter into the congregation of the Lord." Deut. xxiii, 2.

This is in very sharp contrast to what occurred in the United States some eighty-five years ago, and following 1,865 years of Christian teaching.

In view of this failure of American Christianity, as represented by all the branches of the Christian Church, to deal definitely and specifically and constructively with the matter of race amalgamation as between the White and the Black races here, it is well to note another force that has been operative. *Race Prejudice* is, in most of its forms, exceedingly unfortunate, and its effects are very hurtful. Anything, however, which forces upon the Negro, or any other similar, group the necessity of becoming self-sufficient, and of developing its own civilisation and culture, challenges the best that is in the given group or race. The exclusiveness of the White has thus forced upon the Negro many steps of progress which he might not otherwise have taken. Because the Negro has had his own Churches he now has a religious leadership from his own group; because he has had separate schools and colleges, he now has trained teachers of his own blood; because of a dawning loyalty to

his own group, the race now has professional men and business enterprises. As a constructive force, prejudice has, unquestionably, unified the Negro group to some extent and, in a measure, has forced upon the Negro a racial self-sufficiency.

Within recent years many Negroes have left the South, emigrating to various sections of the North, the North-East and the West. Washington City, New York and Chicago now have larger Negro populations than have any other cities in the world. Many of these migrants have improved their status, but in the large cities especially they find slum conditions and come in contact with people of low moral standards and wanting in pride of race or other attitudes calculated to preserve race. The number of Mulattoes, initial increment or diffusion, is not given, but the official record lists as illegitimate 2,103 of the Negro children born in Washington City during the year 1948!

One writer claims that 12,000 Mulattoes—near whites—"cross the line" and enter the White race annually. The claim cannot be verified or disproved.

We are indebted to the late General Smuts, of South Africa, for the expression "Parallel Development," characterising his plan for the relation of the two races in Africa. As an ideal and for practical planning no better basis can be proposed. De Toqueville, in the earlier part of the past century, wrote less hopefully of the situation in the United States as follows: "There are two alternatives for the future—the Negroes and the Whites must either wholly part or wholly mingle." In the latest analysis, race preservation turns largely upon the ability to control the lowest element in each race.

It should be noted that, although the Mulatto predominates, in many of the groups considered in this study there are full-blood Negroes as well as Mulattoes. This raises the question concerning what might have been accomplished had highly endowed full-blood Negro youth been selected and trained for leadership in the various activities and interests of the race. There was a time, possibly, when a full-blood Negro leadership might have been achieved. Many believe that this is no longer possible.

A. H. SHANNON,

Ex-Chaplain of the Mississippi State Penitentiary.

SOAP

NO person or nation claims the invention of soap. This universal commodity, civilisation's greatest aid to cleanliness and health is the fortunate product of evolution and man's instinctive desire to be clean. In prehistoric and heathen times the fat of animal cooked at feasts, or sacrificed to the gods, dripped down into the ashes of the wood fires and was scooped up by the poor or greedy. Thus man discovered that hands smeared with fat and potash became miraculously scoured. From this primitive beginning man quickly progressed, and we soon find baths, for the convenience of those who wished to wash thoroughly, in the plans of architects. Baths were installed in the

palaces of Cnossus and Phaistos. The early Egyptian beauties made a luxurious art of bathing, using honey and milk and many plants in lieu of soap. The fashion of being clean soon spread to Greece, and from there to Rome, where no personage of any importance could "keep in the swim" of society without being seen at the baths—elaborate and ornate emporiums utilised by both sexes. After bathing, it was only natural that one should wish to don clean clothes, and soon the problem in Rome was the efficiency of laundry methods and the finding of detergents which would aid the arduous task of the "scowerers" in tramping out the dirt and sweat of labour, and the grease after feasting, from the flowing white togas in daily fashion.

In search of suitable alkalis scores of substances were tried out—the galls of animals, saponaceous plants, fats and oils, various kinds of earths and human urine was collected in the streets. So nauseous was the alkalised urine that the laundry employees were compelled to live in unfrequented streets. Some of the earths used were mixed with perfume and formed into balls or cakes which dissolved in water. Fuller's earth came into special prominence and the occupation of fullers in Rome became very extensive. The fullers, however, did not use this earth solely for washing, but also for whitening and bleaching. To render cloth perfectly white it was also fumigated with sulphur and the cleaners were not ignorant of the fact that many colours were destroyed by the volatile steam given off.

The early wood-smearers Britons experienced none of the difficulties of Roman civilisation. When the Romans brought the idea of soap to Britain, the inhabitants, clad in jerkins, a practical shirt easy to keep clean, were slow to reap the benefits of this hygienic substance. Not until the thirteenth century was a soap factory established in Bristol, and soon afterwards the manufacture of soap had also commenced in Devizes and Cheapside. By the fourteenth century the industry was flourishing and the demand for soap rapidly growing. In the court bulletin published during the reign of Queen Elizabeth it is stated: "The Queen has built herself a bath, where she does bath herself once a month, whether she requires it or not." Sometimes the Queen took a bath in wine, a cheap enough liquor in her reign of foreign conquest, but she was the first woman to have a cake of soap especially made for her. Following the Queen's good example history relates that members of her court took baths much more frequently—at least once a year. Even so, bathrooms were unknown in English homes as late as the last half of the nineteenth century. Just over 100 years ago public baths were built in London, but their popularity cannot have been great for only 50,000 Londoners paid them a visit over a period of twelve months—approximately one bath per head of population every fifteen years. At the end of the nineteenth century, however, though the plumber had not yet come into his own, we read that ironmongers were doing a brisk trade in "hiring out baths to the gentry."

Just when soap was becoming a universal commodity in British homes, at any rate for the washing of clothes, Charles I seized the opportunity of "cornering" supplies and forming a monopoly. A corporation of Soap Boilers was set up at a considerable income and

profit to the Crown. The Puritanical régime of Cromwell seemed to overlook the precept that "cleanliness is next to godliness," for soap, by now more or less an indispensable utility article, was taxed to the extent of four shillings a barrel. In the reign of Queen Anne, 1712, the soap excise was 3d. per lb., a very considerable figure in an age of cheap living. In fact, as with some of our luxury commodities to-day, the tax was higher than the actual value of the goods. After the establishment of the Leblanc soda process in England in 1824 it became possible to manufacture soap on a much greater scale. Soap-making did not, however, develop into one of the world's largest industries till solid caustic soda became an important article of commerce and Gladstone's budget of 1853 abolished the soap tax. Ablutionary statistics indicate clearly the increase in the use of soap from the end of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. Though over this period of fifty years the soap tax had been considerably reduced, the actual amount collected by the Exchequer rose from £400,000 to a sum of £1,000,000.

The modern process of soap manufacture is highly mechanised but the recipe depends on the same chemical reactions as employed in ancient times. One thousand, eight hundred and seventy years ago a soap factory in Pompeii was utilising goats' tallow boiled with causticised ashes. In the modern process fats and oils are melted down in large coppers into which is run a dilute solution of caustic soda. On adding salt, the soap separates from the mixture of fatty acids and rises to the top while the valuable glycerine by-product and any excess of caustic soda forms a lower layer. The soap is now ready to be conditioned, impregnated with perfume, coloured and medicated, before being milled, moulded and packed.

Though soap has recently been taken off the ration, the product is still likely to be controlled by the distribution difficulties of the post-war era, and by the scarcity of the raw materials used in its manufacture. Unfortunately for British housewives, who have to rely so often on "elbow grease," the oils and fats that make up a bar of washing soap or a scented tablet for the bathroom come from all over the world. Australia and America provide us with tallow. The valuable palm oil has to be brought from West Africa, trouble-torn Malaya, and the Dutch East Indies. As every taxpayer knows, the groundnut oil from Africa is costing us dearly, and cotton oil seed is supplied by Egypt. Soya beans come from China and coconuts from the romantic South Sea Islands and tropical Ceylon—these, too, are important oil-producing vegetables. All these raw materials play a valuable part in the soap that we buy from our suburban grocers and chemists. "Rosin," from resin imported from the pine forests of Spain, France and America, is now an important addition to the raw materials used in soap manufacture though it is cheaper than oils or fats it yields no valuable glycerine, and if incorporated in too great quantities it has an adverse effect on the finished bar of soap.

Since before the war scientists have been working on the manufacture of synthetic or soapless soaps. So far the chief innovation has been experiments in the use of petroleum oil. This has already proved itself a valuable aid to the textile manufacturers, hitherto some of the biggest

users of soap, in the thorough and efficient washing of cloth materials in the process of manufacture. Whether a satisfactory product can also be found to serve the manifold domestic uses of the housewife remains to be seen. In the long years of soap rationing we had a taste of what it was like to be short of soap—a product we always took for granted in times of plenty. If the scientists and analytical chemists can provide us with a synthetic product that is better, cheaper, and more plentiful, we shall at last be independent of Nature's slow and costly output of oils and fats. When the men of antiquity first feasted and then scooped up the fallen fat and ashes to clean their hands, it was no doubt very convenient, but to-day the more civilised and overpopulated world eats more and washes more frequently, and many of the raw materials for both of these necessities of life are the same. In the near future we may sing in traditional British style in our bathtubs the praises of those who have enabled us to eat yet also have our "cake" of soap.

IRIS MACHIN.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE OIL OF THE MIDDLE EAST

THOSE territories of the Middle East where the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and the Iraq Petroleum Company, among other companies, are engaged in pumping oil, though at present they yield only about a quarter of the world's total output, are yet the easiest and cheapest and therefore the most practical source of oil; and they are potentially by far the most productive. The fact has been established that the Middle Eastern fields hold a greater proportion of the world's proved oil reserves than any other field (the percentages of the two leading fields being Middle East 42·3 per cent. and the United States 33·9 per cent.); and new reserves are constantly being discovered in the Middle East. A complete conspectus of the facts—a volume of fascinating interest—is to be found in "Review of the Middle East Oil," published by the *Petroleum Times* in June 1948 (London, Brettenham House, Lancaster Place, W.C.2, 7s. 6d.; New York, 545 Fifth Avenue, \$1.50). Prospecting in the Middle East is nearly always rewarded with the discovery of a new well, and the oil gushes up from a shallow level. In the United States by contrast deep boring is the rule, the instances are far from rare when no oil is struck, and the cost is therefore many times greater than that of the Middle Eastern industry. The new wells now opened up in Canada are of immense probable value, but long work will first be necessary. The Middle East therefore is the present most lucrative field for oil.

Its value increases fast as new wells are sunk, new pipelines laid and new sea outlets constructed. Only in January of the present year an American company started pumping oil from Arabia along a thousand mile line to Sidon on the Mediterranean, south of Beirut; the Iraq Petroleum Company has started building an oil port at Fao near

Basrah at the head of the Persian Gulf, though the pipe lines will take many years to complete ; and in view partly of the closing of its branch line through Iraq, Transjordan and Israel—closed about two years ago by the political complications in Palestine—and partly because of the glut of oil, the Iraq Petroleum Company is now building another line from Kirkuk to a port at Banias, north of Tripoli. The Iraq Petroleum Company, though it has been working only about twenty years, pumps oil in vast quantity for its international owners, namely, the group of big oil-selling companies : the " Shell " group, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, the C.I.E. Française des Petroles, the Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), the Socony-Vacuum Oil Co. Its main line from the Kirkuk fields goes through Syria to debouch at Tripoli in the Lebanon.

Capital has been poured into the industry in huge amounts. New wells are constantly being drilled, and each new well costs about £100,000 to drill. A completely new line, thirty inches in bore, is being added by the Iraq Petroleum Company to the existing twelve-inch line from Kirkuk to Tripoli, and will be finished by the end of 1952. It will cost £50 million to build. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has sunk at least £360 million of capital in Persian oil, and its assets would to-day cost at least £500 million to replace. This it is that the Persian Government proposes to " nationalise," that is, in blunter language, to confiscate, proposing further to pay compensation gradually out of future profits of the industry itself, whereby presumably it is thought to circumvent any checkmating move by the company such as a refusal to continue shipping the oil at Abadan.

It happens that the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company operates wholly within Persian territory, the main fields being near to Abadan, and Abadan being the only port for shipping the oil away. By contrast the Iraq oil has to travel through such extra-Iraqi territory as Syria and the Lebanon, where feeling is none too friendly towards Iraq. The Iraqi Government is therefore not assailed with the like simple temptation to grab the industry as is the Persian Government. What it can do, however, in that direction it is doing. On May 27th last a new agreement was reached in principle with the Iraq Petroleum Company on a higher level of royalty payments, resulting from a writ issued the month before against the company making such a claim. The Iraqi Prime Minister, General Nuri es-Said, told the Senate in Baghdad on May 27th in a statement about the new agreement, that the Government was " taking every measure to protect the country's just and full rights in the oil industry, adding that although the Government was now negotiating only with the Iraq Petroleum Company, it would later approach the Basrah and Mosul companies in a like sense. Senator Salih Jabur in the same session went so far as to demand of the Iraq Petroleum Company that it should begin training Iraqis so that they could gradually replace all foreign experts : in other words should help to make possible its own downfall.

The various companies interested in the oil of the Middle East are largely interlocked. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, for instance, holds some 24 per cent. of the shares of the Iraq Petroleum Company

the British Government holds more than 50 per cent. of the shares of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company.

THE PERSIAN GOVERNMENT'S IMPULSE

Oil is proverbially poured upon troubled waters ; but it may itself be the cause of trouble. The oil of Persia is of major importance in international affairs. It was therefore inevitable, after the Persian Government's refusal of negotiation or arbitration, that the British Government (May 26th) should refer the matter to the International Court at The Hague. The emergency—it is nothing less—that has resulted from the Persian Government's bid to "nationalise" the Anglo-Persian oil industry has overshadowed in its potentiality even the Communist menace in the world at large. It is indeed indirectly connected with that menace. The event cannot be assessed apart from the general context of nationalisation : as one manifestation, that is, of that political power which has been a feature of our time. It happens that British enterprise, British skill, British capital have been the main victim of this spreading phase of the political aggression, because it happens that many of the great industries of the world—in Argentina, for instance, and in China as well as in Persia—were developed in this modern industrial age by those British instruments. The incidental irony of a British Government which has taken a leading part in the general process only to become a victim of the process when it spreads to Persia merely adds sauce to the logic of events. Another incidental fact, namely that the agents of the Kremlin are active in Teheran—as illustrated in the tactics of organised mobs cheering Russia and execrating Britain and the United States—is wholly consistent with the nature of the general situation, in which the Kremlin is the recognised leader of the materialist bid for political mastery in world affairs.

In its most recent form the challenge was expressed without refinement in a Note from the Persian Government which was received by the Foreign Office in London on May 8th. That Note was an answer to the British Note of March 14th, wherein the legal aspects of the case were recapitulated and an appeal was made for a friendly settlement. The Persian answer roundly declared that the nationalisation of industry was the sovereign right of every nation, and that such right could not be impeded by any agreement, however valid legally, nor was any international authority competent to investigate the matter. According to that claim nothing matters except the power of a Government to seize whatever may fall within its grasp. The particular circumstances of the oil industry, the past benefits thereby conferred upon the Persian Government and upon the Persian people, the very fact that there could be no oil industry to nationalise but for the instrumentality of those who founded and developed it : such considerations have no weight in this modern political aggression. To the bolshevik mind—the word bolshevik being a short and fair epithet descriptive of this political mentality in its extreme manifestation—the record of actual things done and services rendered by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company with the consent, approval and even invitation (each of which is now, of course, denied in Teheran) of the Persian

Government and with full legal sanction is a matter that is swept aside as the aggressor falls upon the spoils.

An interesting summary of the company's record, as bearing upon Persian interests, was given in a letter to *The Times* published on May 23rd last. It was written by Mr. J. F. A. Swanston. That summary reveals so remarkable an aspect of the Persian situation that some of the facts therein recorded deserve a wider appreciation than they receive. "In the years since the royalty payments on oil began," wrote Mr. Swanston, "the Persian Government has received over £113 million from the A.I.O.C. This sum would have amounted to approximately £150 million had the Persian Government ratified the supplemental agreement between it and the company. These royalty payments form a very considerable proportion of the national revenue. This situation could never have been accomplished without the initial outlay of the large sums before oil was found, and the subsequent investment of many millions of pounds more in the enterprise. Social welfare and recreation have been given special attention. The company has built out of its own resources, large modern hospitals at Abadan and Masjid Sulaiman, with 850 beds, and the employees, their dependants and others have the benefit of an efficient medical service, staffed by nearly 100 doctors, some 90 nurses and sisters, several dentists, and a total health department of 1,650. In education the company has co-operated with the Persian Ministry of Education, for which it has built over thirty schools. These schools cater for over 20,000 children. The company has adult and apprentice training schemes for the lower grades of its employees, and it provides training of a more advanced order at its technical institute at Abadan. The company has provided permanent housing for many thousands of its employees. These houses are, for the most part, furnished with electric light and with treated water and sewage disposal. Most of the material for these houses has to be imported into Persia. Recreation has been given close attention. The company has provided at each of its main centres fields for football, hockey and other games: there are nineteen football grounds at Abadan alone. There are swimming pools, also clubs and cinemas, at all the main centres. At the present time a large stadium is under construction at Abadan. In addition to these social services there are many public services enjoyed by the Persian population which have been installed by the A.I.O.C."

In the same issue of the paper which published that letter there appeared a despatch from Teheran describing a bolshevik mob in Teheran wildly cheering a speaker's reference to "the blood-sucking former oil company." It would not be true to suggest that any section of Persian opinion consciously supports Russian intrigue against British interests; indeed Persia as a whole is traditionally more afraid of Russia than of any other outside danger, and it has been the traditional assumption that Britain, in view of her oil interests, could be counted on to defend Persia against attack from without; but that is not to say that Russian agents have not found their dupes in Persia as elsewhere; and they are expert in making propagandist noise incommensurate with their actual influence.

There are several streams of indigenous Persian feeling that have made it possible for the National Assembly to pass the Oil Nationalisation Act : namely, item, a purely predatory sort of opportunism among certain would-be successors to the owners of the spoils in the form of lucrative jobs ; item, an escapist instinct in the political Right which imagines that social unrest may be side-tracked by the sop of oil nationalisation thrown to the discontented working classes, to suggest vague untapped sources of future wealth for everyone ; item, the religious fervour of the Fidayani Islam movement seeking to gain the support of the masses by espousing a popular cause ; and finally a feeling of national pride roused against the hypothesis, implicit in the oil concession, that Persia cannot manage her own oil. These several factors, however, merely contribute their quota to the general feeling, which is the great political feature of our time, that governments have the supreme power to do what they will, without being answerable to any higher authority than their own expediency, or greed.

The legal aspect of this particular matter, for instance, is regarded as of no relevant importance, even though by the terms of the 1933 agreement the Persian Government gave a written undertaking not to cancel the oil concession by unilateral action. The present Prime Minister, Dr. Moussadek, merely wipes out that undertaking by the remark : " Since the deputies of the National Assembly which ratified the agreement of 1933 were not representative of the Persian people this agreement is null and void. The agreement was ratified under duress and the National Assembly was not competent to ratify it. The Government of the day also signed it under duress." *Iipse dixit.*

To run round in circles arguing the case on its merits would be as profitable as have been the Paris talks about a four-Power conference in face of Mr. Gromyko's studiously offensive contempt of reason and of honest dealing. None the less the round of technical argument has to be faced. The British Government has appealed to The Hague submitting that Persia has committed both an injustice and a breach of her own treaty obligations, and asking that the Court declare an obligation upon Persia to submit to arbitration, or alternatively to declare that nationalisation of the oil industry would be contrary to international law. The charge of a breach of treaty commitment is based upon Article 22 of the 1933 Convention, wherein arbitration is specified as the means for settling any disputes that may arise (*" tous différends de nature quelconque entre les parties "*).

THE GREAT SURRENDER

On a steady view there is perhaps something distantly cheerful in the upshot, now becoming apparent, that the expansion of political power in the particular manifestation of nationalisation of industries and assets is at last provoking into action the defensive and corrective impulses inherent in the free breast of man. There is more than irony in the spectacle of the British Government taking the lead against this Persian aggression. Aggression seems to be not too strong a word. There is poetic justice as well as irony which impales the British Government on one of its own dilemmas. All the leading Western countries

are concerned in this matter of the ownership of Middle Eastern oil. The spur to action on the part of those countries is intensified by the obvious possibility that a feeble Persian Government, if it succeeded in dispossessing those Western Powers of the oil that is theirs by reasonable and legal right, might be merely paving the way for the great common enemy, Russia, to step in and annex it. It is not a fanciful hypothesis. In a world weakened and demoralised by these disastrous events of the past forty years, it is natural that the chief exponent of the materialist technique, from which all moral restraint is excluded, should be the chief beneficiary of the looting. It is precisely the demoralisation that plays into the hands of the most immoral party.

At the moment when this particular climax is signalised in a crisis of oil—one of the most formidable of all the factors in the whole international outlook—a reminder, if reminder were needed, of the enemy's methods is given by the news from Tibet, the latest victim of the aggression that seeks whom it may devour. There comes a moment when the instinct of self-preservation begins to work, and to work powerfully, in the human breast. It works the more powerfully if it be free from muddle in its own outlook. It is necessary therefore that the true issue be recognised. No benefit can be expected from a vague impulse to cry halt! in the case of oil, while not appreciating the need for halting the other parallel aggressions upon the provinces of human dignity and justice. First things come first in the order of good thinking.

As we survey the devastated fields, we must first face the question whence came this devastation? Events conspire to turn back men's minds in honest contrition to that historic blunder which nearly half a century ago constituted the great surrender: the surrender of the competence of individual worth and goodness into the hands of political governments in the bad cause of selfish competition for the materialist spoils. It was free man that made governments strong enough to impose the tyranny which has banished freedom and spread tyranny. The freedom will come back; but only when men repent. History has not written a greater tragedy than this, because its incidence is so wide as to embrace the earth. It goes without saying that incidental good will come out of the suffering, when the redress is accomplished; for of such a quality is the mercy and love of Almighty God. The remedial process, painful though it be, has much to offer for the comfort of thoughtful students. It becomes obvious, for instance, that the fault itself, committed at the beginning of the century, has ensured the necessary counter-action. After the first world war the Allies in the hour of so-called victory fell to squabbling among themselves about the spoils, thereby proving that the fault was so far from being expiated that another war had to take its toll before the lesson could be recognised. After the second war, though the disorder is greater than ever, there is in progress a clarification of the issue such as spells the ultimate triumph of reason and of faith. For the truth dawns that the enemy is man's own materialist selfishness.

The enemy is dramatised in the form of a human conspiracy directed from the Kremlin, which embraces all the decent things in life in its

subjective, even the ultimate spiritual content of life itself, without which life fails to make sense. It is against this enemy of the spirit that the spirit of man reacts. Oil is a mere paradox, a materialist spur to the progress of a spiritual truth. The demonstration that materialist motives produce materialist disaster, affecting all the parties indiscriminately, is the salutary lesson of a half-century of suffering. Just as willy-nilly the British Government is forced into the role of defending private property against a marauding Government's nationalising appetite, so willy-nilly the defenders of what we call the free world—that part of the world not wholly submerged in the aftermath of the great surrender of freedom dating from 1914—have become the defenders of the faith against an atheist challenge. Their own faith and Christian motive tend thereby to be strengthened. In that circumstance it is to be found the way of salvation from the self-inflicted horrors of our time.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

June 11th, 1951.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE PROBLEM OF CHRIST*

Each generation has to give its own answer to the question, What think ye of Christ? What should be the answer to-day? In a little book of some eighty pages, whose size is no measure of its worth, the Dean of St. Paul's offers a tentative but in many ways illuminating approach towards a modern Christology. The first chapter on the Historical Jesus dissociates Dr. Matthews from those radical critics who cannot find an authentic portrait of the real Jesus in the Synoptic traditions. They do not leave an adequate basis of fact to account for the origin and vitality of the Christian religion, let alone to justify faith in Jesus as the Son of God. Dr. Matthews believes that the wonderful affirmations which the Church has made concerning the person of Christ have their foundation and justification in the purpose, thought and experience of Jesus himself. The second chapter deals with the classical formulations of doctrine concerning God and Christ, framed at Nicæa and Chalcedon. Their value as historic documents is undeniable, but their adequacy as an answer for to-day is open to question. The remainder of the book then outlines the main theme. Has modern psychology any light to throw on the Incarnation? Can the Christian theologian gain anything from Freud and Young? Dr. Matthews thinks he can and should, though admittedly the contributions of these interpreters of the unconscious and the subconscious are hard to assess. The discoveries of telepathy and extra-sensory perception enlarge our conception of the powers of the human mind. Such advances in psycho-analysis and in psychical research may combine to deepen our understanding of genius and inspiration.

The closing chapter develops two suggestions for a modern Christology. The first is that we should attempt to interpret the Incarnation through the conception of a "moving pattern" rather than through the category of

* *The Problem of Christ in the Twentieth Century.* By Dr. W. R. Matthews. Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.

"substance," though perhaps we have too readily agreed to dismiss the latter from our thinking. The second is to try to understand Christ as "the completely inspired person." Both suggestions are helpful, though natural, they are only provisional answers to the question with which Dr. Matthews is concerned. The clarity and frankness with which the book is written make it refreshing and stimulating. But it is in intention and in fact tentative and introductory. It points to a Christology akin to P. T. Forsyth's interpretation of Christ as embodying "the two movements of spiritual reality in which man and God meet"—man's movement to God in prayer and aspiration, and God's movement to man when He moves to save. Dr. Matthews' book should send readers back to Forsyth's masterly treatise, *The Person and Place of Jesus Christ*.

PROFESSOR H. G. WOOD.

THE ROMANCE OF ARCHÆOLOGY*

The thoroughness with which German scholars usually study their subjects has become proverbial, and few readers would expect to find in a German book of less than 500 pages anything but some introductory notes on the approach to the history of archæology. It is all the more pleasant to see with what light touch Ceram has written this "novel of archæology." He may have acquired this touch in journalism, but however that may be he has undoubtedly succeeded in writing a popular presentation of this branch of knowledge which in fact does read like a novel. He certainly deserves the considerable success which he has already achieved in Germany and which has attracted the attention of foreign publishers. By choosing the subtitle, *The Romance of Archæology*, the author shows that his purpose is to present the thrilling aspects of archæological exploration. That is why he has consciously omitted the study of certain cultures, the exploration of which is not associated with adventure or with colourful, adventurous personalities. As a result the reader's interest is always maintained. Throughout the book fascinating personalities and thrilling episodes abound; there is Schliemann, who goes into big business and becomes a millionaire in order to be able to finance his *idée fixe*, the discovery of Troy; there are Petrie and the other Egyptologists trying to find tombs un plundered by ancient brigands and who, when they discover fantastic treasures, have to be ingenious enough to save them from modern thieves; there is Layard discovering whole towns buried in desert hills, and H. E. Thompson diving into a deep pool in Central America to find evidence of human sacrifice in the mud at the bottom.

The author divides his study into four "books." "The book of the statues" describes the birth of archæology, the impetus given to it by the discovery of Pompeii and the exploration of the classical sites. "The book of the pyramids" deals with Egypt. "The book of the towers" describes the cultures of ancient Mesopotamia, the superposition of one on the other and shows that to the earliest of these cultures the biblical Flood was a historical event of fairly recent date. Finally, "the book of the steps" describes the monuments of Central America and links up with the fascinating theory put forward in the *Kon-Tiki Expedition* about the escape of the remnants of a highly cultured people from South America to the Pacific Isles. Those of us who like visiting museums but have not had the leisure or the inclination to study archæology often leave with their curiosities aroused but with their questions unanswered. For such people this book is a godsend, for it deals just with those questions which the inquisitive layman

* *Goetter, Graeber und Gelehrte: Roman der Archæologie*. By C. W. Ceram. Rowohlt Verlag, Hamburg-Stuttgart, 1949. 488 pp.

might ask, and it goes a long way towards answering them. It is difficult to think of a book more likely to awaken interest in archæology among laymen.

NICOLAS SOLLOHUB.

THE CREED OF ANGELO CRESPI*

Readers of the CONTEMPORARY who were familiar for many years with Dr. Crespi's articles would not be surprised to find in this book the same wide and deep erudition and the same independence of thought. I should venture to say that this last quality is the most prominent and the most interesting in this book. At a first glance one might think that it is a re-laboration of Baron von Hügel's thought; but a few quotations and the fundamental assumptions are all that Crespi shares with the great Anglo-Austrian theologian. The confessed disciple is no mere expounder of the master's words: the very title *From Self to God* summarises the journey of a seeker after faith who could not be satisfied with metaphysical words or theological arguments. Though it is clear that the author has a very extensive and profound knowledge of philosophy, and though obviously he puts philosophy above theology, he shares with Aquinas a preference for the religious experience from mystical revelation, however humble or exalted it may be. He emphasises that the only vital basis of any religion is personal experience, and that the critical and institutional aspects can only be supporting elements.

Dr. Crespi quotes extensively from the mystics of all ages. It may be that his love for poetry, and in particular his passionate admiration for Dante, influenced him in giving priority to the inner religious experience. Certainly much of the book is distinguished by a poetic quality which adds powerfully to the value and the impact of the ideas it expresses. But the closeness and the clarity of the philosophical arguments prove that he was not the man carried away into misty ground by poetic imagination. Possibly because written for an Italian public, it contains a sustained confutation of many points of the Croce and Gentile philosophies, as well as of many Thomist tenets of the Catholic Church. Although he declares himself a Catholic, Dr. Crespi maintains his usual independence, especially towards certain aspects of the Papacy; for instance, he clearly favours the medieval conception that the Council is above the Pope.

The wealth of references to British thinkers in the bibliography is striking, especially in view of the total lack of mention of Italian authors. But on reading it is clear that Italian thought is well known to the author, and that he omitted to mention specific works because he took for granted an equal knowledge in his Italian readers. It would be necessary to remedy this omission in an English edition of the book, which is very much to be desired. Obviously Dr. Crespi wanted to act as a missionary *in partibus infidelium*, bringing from his adopted country those aspects of religious thought that he knew were lacking in his native one. I certainly wish the best of success to the book in Italy, but a long acquaintanceship with Italians makes me doubtful of it: the Roman quip "*A Roma si fa la fede, e fuori ci si crede*" expresses vividly the general Italian attitude towards religion. The book will certainly appeal to those Italians who feel deeply about religious philosophy, and of whom the present Ambassador in London, Dr. Gallarati Scotti, is one of the most representative (he contributes a valuable illuminating preface to the volume); but I cannot be shaken from the conviction that this book would receive a vaster response from British readers.

A. F. MAGRI MACMAHON.

* *Dall' Io a Dio*. By Angelo Crespi. Guanda, Parma. Lire 1,200.

WISDOM, MADNESS AND FOLLY*

It is encouraging to be sent a book for review which demands that one should exert self-control in the use of the much over-worked superlative met with in publishers' blurbs. It will be apparent at once that I am an enthusiastic admirer of this book. It is by far the best account of cyclothymia (as I prefer to call manic-depressive psychosis) that has come my way. It is not a clinician's account, of course, but a brilliant and lucid description of what goes on in the mind of the patient himself during both manic and depressive phases and when he is, to all intents and purposes, sailing on an even keel. If it were not more than that, it would earn one's gratitude; but, in addition, it is, in my opinion, the most significant contribution to the literature of religious experience since William James's *A Varieties of Religious Experience*. When I read Monsignor Knox's *Enthusiasm*, I decided that a short study of the psychopathology of heresy was called for, and I formed a half-intention to supply the need. If I had had the personal experience of Mr. Custance, his wide reading and cultural background, and the ability to write clear prose with the minimum of technical jargon, I might have succeeded in producing a book something like *Wisdom, Madness and Folly*.

Mr. Custance describes himself as a lunatic. He is indeed a lunatic in the very literal sense of the word; that is to say, from time to time he comes under the spell of the "White Goddess" (cf. Robert Graves's book of the same name). The White Goddess at the same time as being identical with Freud's "terrible mother-image" is an all-important archetypal figure in Jung's sense. From this it follows—and I am not quite sure whether Mr. Custance realises it or not—that he is possessed by the White Goddess both when he is depressed and manic. That is what makes paganism, with all its desirable features and ecstasies, such a sad approach to life. Creeds which sanction sexual licence are usually associated with human sacrifice, cold cruelty and self-castration at the same time. It is considerations of this kind that, so far as I am concerned, at any rate, blur the distinctions which Mr. Custance draws between his "negative" and "positive" forces. Writing elsewhere of the White Goddess, I said that "the first time in theology that this mother figure appears without this shadow of ambivalence is in the person of the Blessed Virgin Mary, virgin and mother." It will be seen, therefore, that the theological slant of "my" book, had it been written, would have been slightly different from that of Mr. Custance. If Mr. Custance has not read Graves's *The White Goddess*, I would advise him to do so; and he should also read the last fifteen volumes of *Études Carmelitaines*, all of which deal with this border-zone between theology and psychopathology which Mr. Custance is endeavouring to master. I am not competent to deal with Mr. Custance's "theory of actuality," but I fail to see how it differs from Christian existentialism. If M. Gabriel Marcel should happen to come across Mr. Custance's book, perhaps he will feel impelled to enlarge on this.

DR. E. B. STRAUSS.

THE BRITISH POLITICAL TRADITION

The British Political Tradition, edited by Alan Bullock and F. W. Deakin, has made a good start with *The Debate on the American Revolution* and *The Debate on the French Revolution*, and the third and fourth volumes reach the same high standard of selection and interpretation. It is an exceptionally valuable series, designed mainly for students, but also appealing to

* *Wisdom, Madness and Folly: the Philosophy of a Lunatic*. By John Custance. Victor Gollancz. 16s.

wider public. Here are the materials for understanding and judging the ideas and the policies which have made us what we are—a self-governing, powerful, prosperous and respected community. Though some of the extracts are available in the older text-books, many are derived from sources beyond the reach of anyone but a specialist. The third volume of the series, *Britain and Europe, Pitt to Churchill, 1793-1940* (Nicholas Kaye. 6s.), edited by James Joll, Fellow of New College, Oxford, opens with an illuminating Introduction sketching the development of our foreign policy for a century and a half, and analysing the competing ideologies of isolationism, liberal interventionism, and full-scale Continentalism. The big figures stand out in bold relief in their speeches and dispatches—Pitt and Fox, Castlereagh and Canning, Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, Salisbury, Chamberlain, Lansdowne, Grey, Lloyd George, the Chamberlains, and, last, not least, Winston Churchill. The volume should find a place in the library of every public school as well as in our Universities. The fourth volume, *The Conservative Tradition*, edited by R. J. White, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge (Nicholas Kaye. 16s.), deals with a more limited theme, but covers it in detail, not chronologically but in reference to different aspects of the Conservative creed. Mr. White, a Coleridge specialist, begins, not with Clarendon and Bolingbroke, but with Burke and Coleridge, and brings the story down to Hugh Cecil and Eustace Percy, Kenneth Pickthorn, G. M. Young and Quintin Hogg. All shades of Conservative opinion are represented, not only by the writings of publicists but by the speeches of statesmen, from Peel and Disraeli to Randolph Churchill, the purveyor of Tory democracy. The volume ends with a section on the Imperial Tradition, to which Joseph Chamberlain, though never calling himself a Conservative, made the most vital contribution. It is good news that further instalments of this useful series are to appear.

RACINE*

A taste for Racine is rare in England: he is one of those authors we have never imported. Lytton Strachey, it is true, with his Augustan outlook, wrote enthusiastically about him, and in our own day Mr. Martin Turnell, with his Francophil passion for *le Grand Siècle*, has expounded him nobly in *The Classical Moment*. But for the most part he is a poet to whom our critics have remained unresponsive, if, indeed, not virtually hostile. This lack of a critical affection for his work has led to a general ignorance about him. Neither have his life nor his plays been studied: we have stayed indifferent—and in the dark. Recent scholarship, here and in America, seems to have awakened to this fact; and Mr. Brereton's "critical biography" does most of all, perhaps, to discharge a debt so obviously owing to a poet we neglected. Extreme swings in taste are always suspect, and the reader feels the safer with Mr. Brereton for sensing the discrimination and moderation behind his judgments. Was Racine's desertion of the theatre the product of a religious conversion or of social opportunism? Probably neither the one nor the other, suggests Mr. Brereton, who never dogmatizes. Prudence and material considerations combined with a deepening seriousness of mind natural to approaching middle age would seem to supply the more likely reasons. Working always close to available facts, Mr. Brereton proceeds to reduce the image of Racine the hypocrite or Racine the pious and devout which earlier interpreters have established.

To other issues in the poet's life he brings the same unexcited sanity to bear. That Racine played Molière a dirty trick by secretly transferring his

* *Jean Racine*. By Geoffrey Brereton. Cassell. 22s. 6d.

Alexandre—which the latter's troupe were acting—to a rival company is something which we cannot deny. Nevertheless, Mr. Brereton reminds us Racine may possibly have believed Molière's presentation alien to his drama. In any case, such a manoeuvre was "by no means unique in the theatre of his time." On the charge, however, of having poisoned an actress who was also his mistress (a charge advanced on unreliable evidence), Mr. Brereton unhesitatingly acquits Racine. Everywhere, indeed, in this book we are aware of a mind that prefers the *via media* to the most sensational reconstructions of fact. Turning to the poet's work, Mr. Brereton maintains the same deft balance. Discarding the myth of a tender Racine (fostered by the ladies of Saint-Cyr), he does not replace it by the picture of a savage sadistic figure favoured by modern psychological critics. Neither can Mr. Brereton's study be said to result in a general toning down in which only vague outlines can be discerned. How well we know that ultimate lame chapter in which the conscientious biographer, lacking true creative or critical powers, timidly and banally winds up the subject! Instead of this, Mr. Brereton gives us, in his summarising chapter on the work of Racine, as original a piece of evaluative writing as one could demand from our most distinguished critics. When the scholar and the humanist are so well mated the reader can never fail to be the gainer.

DEREK STANFORD.

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The Curtain Isn't Iron, by Joseph C. Harsch (Putnam. 8s. 6d.), records the experiences and impressions of visits to Eastern Europe in 1947 and 1949. As we might expect from one of the best-known American broadcasters the author shows himself well informed and judicial. On the whole his report is encouraging. That the Communist dictatorships in the satellite countries represent in every case only a small minority, and would be instantly overthrown if Russia allowed the peoples to speak their mind, is known to us all; but Mr. Harsch explains the differing intensity of opposition in the various countries. Czechoslovakia is rather tame but will never embrace the Moscow creed. The chapter on Austria pays a well-merited tribute to the sturdiness and solidarity of the Social Democrats and their trade unions which have stood up successfully against Communist bullying. The chapter on Yugoslavia portrays a poor, backward but gallant peasant community determined if necessary to fight for its independence once more under the trusted leadership of Tito. Poland, with her strong Catholic convictions and her age-long hatred of Russia, might be expected to offer a particularly strenuous resistance; but here, as the author very fairly reminds us, the dictatorship has displayed immense energy in rebuilding the country from its ruins. Moreover, "the hatred of the German master during the occupation was so great that the new Communist master, so long as his claws remained sheathed, seems almost mild by comparison." And Communism brought Poland her Western provinces, without which the national economy would collapse. Finland, where the Russian squeeze is less tight, is described as "morally free, internally independent of Russia, and safe from Communism." How long this precarious autonomy will be allowed to continue is Moscow's secret. Distressing as is the plight of Eastern Europe, a world war would, in the author's view, make it worse, for even a Western victory would leave utter chaos. If, however, Yugoslavia is attacked, the West must either help her or destroy all hope of ultimate liberation among the downtrodden millions behind the Curtain.

G. P. G.